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JANUARY 1919



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No. 1

TO get a correct and unprejudiced view of our race, one must detach himself from the

THE NEGRO NEEDS TO CLEAN HOUSE

By Howard A. Phelps

forces that are buffeting to and fro the interests of the race. To see ourselves in a true light we must not tie ourselves down too closely to the flow of the current. The applause of paid hirelings always rings loud and long. The show girl often relegates the finished artist to a secondary position by distributing money freely among those who hang around for such purposes. The race harbors in its confines many who stoop to such low and degraded methods.

We cannot impress too forcibly the need of striking the right attitude. The view point must be of a distinct character. It must be clear and unobstructed; broad and unerring; sympathetic yet uncompromising with any force that fails to shove the Negro up the ladder of progress. Too long we have been moving against the stream; too long we have been in reaching the slim heights we have attained.

THE history of the race reaches only a short distance into the past. For our purpose this history dates to the day the Negro became an American citizen in the late sixties. Many forces have been at play shaping the destiny of the race since those eventful days of the sixties. At that time a new race's heart began to throb. At that time God created a new race of men on whom He wished to ply His handiwork.

That struggle out of which blooms the Negro race, paled all other wars into the background of we consider the clear-cut principles on which the strife hinged. Brother slew brother; father renounced his own son; mother turned one cheek to the boy who went to join General Lee's army and the other to the son who vowed that the Stars and Stripes must pass on down to the coming generations. A wonderful age that was! And behind all the pomp of militarism stalked the spectre of the shackled slave. Blood of the best in America bought the race's freedom. Why, then, should not that freedom be sweeter than incense? Why should we not see that it is kept inviolate and pure? Why should we hesitate to drive our own brother out in the cold, if need be, when he seeks to sell the interest of the race?

THERE is only one question before the race. It is simply a question of standing with him as long as he is right, and parting with him when he goes wrong.

Many of us obstruct the healthful growth of the race. In this discussion we eliminate as many tributary and subsidiary matters as we possibly can. Three forces, however, mount before our gaze like mountain peaks: first—vice; second—wildcat business enterprises; third—betrayers of the race in high positions.

THAT force which attracts the public's attention the most disgustingly finds expression in the high-life element. The roar of the reckless taxicab driver's engine, his mad tear through our most densely populated districts holds up to the public too noticeably this irresponsible element. The atmosphere that our children breathe reeks of pollution and contamination because of this ubiquitousness of the low grade elements of the race. Their deportment sows seeds of waywardness in our children; violates all respect for the aged. They sub-

merge the good done by our churches and schools. Surely such an undermining set must be eliminated. Their death cannot be too soon announced. The rise of the race is obstructed and the congestion of the pathway to progress waxes more difficult unless we develop a community sense strong enough to drive vice into its grave. If vice and depravity must exist, why must the districts where be abide be their designated haunts,—the dumping grounds for the castaways of other races as well as our own?

We are a friend of the fallen. We believe in the principle that the man or woman worth while is not so much the person who is never down and out, but the one who gets up every time he is put down. Mend your ways, then, those of you who are wayward—who are sapping the vitality and respect of the race.

WILD-CAT and shady business enterprises assume a more vicious role than vice itself. By such enterprises we mean any business enterprise that lurks in the dark. Its methods are low; its principles are shady. The gambler's flip of the dice is too decent to be compared to them, because these wild-cat undertakings maneuver behind a pretense of lawfulness. The dissemination of "wildcatism" forces itself upon the most guarded and experienced, not to mention the attractive and enticing light in which it is presented to the inexperienced and untutored of our race.

Our newspapers are assuming an ugly role in perpetuating such enterprises. Whole pages of advertisements hold our people up to shame and ridicule. The press—nor is it the white press—holds the whole race up to the world as a laughing stock. And it seems the larger the circulation of the paper the more guilty the offender is in this degraded practice. Wonder ointments they advertise!
(Continued on page 11.)

LOOKING AHEAD

WE have added many new features to our magazine. Beginning with the next issue, we will have a page of Athletics for our sportsmen and those who are fond of outdoor life. This page will be conducted by one who is well versed in athletics and who will make every effort to bring before the public the best sporting news from all over the country. We will also be pleased to have our readers send in items of interest in this line. Music and dramatics is of interest to so many of our people that we are going to devote a great deal of space to that also.

MCADOO BAKER, who has already contributed a number of splendid business articles has kindly consented to give us a business serial entitled "What's the Matter With The Negro?" This series of articles will doubtless be a great help, not only to the man in business, but to the Negro race as a whole. We invite all of our readers to contribute to the "People's Forum." Whatever your views may be, express them freely in this column. We don't care whether you agree with us or not, this column is yours—help yourself. Most of us like to read about prominent and peculiar people, therefore we are going to feature each month several persons who have attained prominence in the various walks of life.

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AN EYE FOR AN EYE



By M. Geraldine Williams.

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, the late King Menelik II, Emperor of Abyssinia, Negus Negasti, King of Kings, claimed to be a direct descendent of the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon. He succeeded to the throne in 1889 and at the same time, his very corpulent wife, Taitu, was crowned Empress.

The Christianity that had been introduced into Abyssinia had greatly deteriorated, but there existed a strange mixture of savagery and lofty notions, tempered with a number of elevated moral precepts that had been infused into their minds.

Ras Kasai was one of the tribe of Gallas, who inhabited the banks of the Hawash, South of Shoa, and it is with this particular branch of the Abyssinian family that this story has to deal. Ras Kasai was said to bask in the favor of His Imperial Majesty and was the possessor of a vast amount of the world's goods.

To an American observer, Ras Kasai's palace would have been termed a series of huts grouped together in an artistic manner, all opening into a roughly paved court. This straw thatched palace, with wattle and mud walls, was surrounded by mimosa trees, and here and there one could hear the faint rustle of the branches of the majestic palm trees. Other big trees with their magnificent spreading foliage and shrubbery were alive with birds of gay plumage. To the eastward, the black and red soil was abundantly watered with a limpid stream whose banks had been slightly defaced by the tramping hoofs of charging horses; herds of cattle were nibbling the grass and leaves of mimosa, that dotted the undulating hills and dales and afar in the distance, the picturesque conical thatched huts that studded the landscape.

TWO rich Englishmen with their slave attendants had dared to invade this almost impenetrable land. They were on an adventurous trip and after passing Addis Ababa, the capital, they plunged into the wilds of the province. The thick underbrush as well as the constant fear of sudden encounters with wild beasts, had been a great impediment to their progress, but after meandering through the dense thickets, they came out into an opening and brought their charging horses to a standstill on the banks of the Hawash in the vicinity of Ras Kasai's province. It was like finding an oasis in the great Desert of Sahara. In the distance they readily discerned the palace with its adjacent huts. The waters of the Hawash were placid and there was nothing to break the monotony save the occasional interruption of some animal coming down to the water's edge to quench its thirst, or the flutter of herons and other water birds. The faint tropical breezes as they rustled the leaves of the stately palms, permeated a spirit so soothing and restful that the riders dismounted, determined to take advantage of the rendezvous so appealing and enticing to them. The dozen or more of the native servants immediately set about to pitch the tents, while others scampered hither and thither, some going for water, wood, and fresh meats.

They sent a native guide with a flag of truce and a message asking permission to encamp, and they were surprised to learn that the same was received cordially and they in return sent a consignment of gaily colored trinkets and cloth.

The small Galla village seemingly was occupied by peaceful inhabitants and as the sun sank beyond the western horizon and the gray mantle of twilight spread over the earth, the travelers, tired from constant travel and strenuous hunt, slept soundly in their tents. The stillness of the night was only broken by the sharp snap of the underbrush as some prowling wild beast slumped back in the blackness of the night, away from the bright glare of the camp fires; and the cautious footsteps of the sentinel in his vigilant circuit of the village, in the precarious task of guarding it from possible attack by the travelers.

The usual incessant rains that last from May to September had just ceased and the vast amount of water that flooded the Nile and its tributaries had subsided, leaving the land devoid of filth, and here and there the white ants were busy upheaving great heaps of soil.

The morrow was ushered in as the sun rose silently upward over the vast waste of land, and the soldiers of fortune and adventure were awakened by the noise

of the scribes as they chanted their Liturgy, in the rounded houses of worship. Their possible object being to drive away all evil spirits, if any hovered near.

A LITTLE form coming from the opposite direction wended its way, down to the stream, and cautiously filled her skin water-jug. She had not noticed the camp or the men looking at her, for if she had, she would have possibly fled like a frightened doe. She was one of those beautiful Galla girls and could well have been termed a Juno in bronze. Her face of delicate oval was well lighted up with a pair of eyes whose lustrous light had a magnetic effect upon one, and her slender form, shapely breasts and finely fashioned hands and unsandled feet would have been quite the envy of any woman. She wore the native costume of gaily colored "shammas," necklace of fibre, amulets and earrings that seemed quite too heavy. Each article lent its peculiar beauty. It had been days since the men had seen a woman of any color, and, to them, even a dark-brown beauty was something not to pass without a second glance, and the sight sent their blood tingling through their veins. The picture was well set off with the picturesqueness of the tropical surroundings.

BY JOVE, Dunnellon," one remarked. "How's that for a pretty dusky maid?" "Better hands off, Dillingham," said Dunnellon, for he knew his companion's senuous mind. "You know these Abyssinians believe in 'an eye for an eye,' that's law and gospel here."

Dunnellon had noticed the twinkling of Dillingham's eyes and could readily see that his friend meant to

gain possession of the girl.

"These black devils have some attractive 'Sunkist' girls haven't they, Dunnellon? I'd give 100 'salt' or 'Marie Theresa' or whatever they call their confounded money, for that girl. If she is salable, and if she is not, why—I'll—"

But Dunnellon interrupted, "Nonsense, Dillingham, what would you do with her? Don't put yourself on equality with a heathen. Just think about your people back in England."

"Now look here, you ought not to have brought that infernal preachy habit out here. You must think I'm crazy not to take a second look at the creature, although she is black. What's to hinder a man from sowing a few wild oats out here?" Then he added, half-angrily, for he hated to be reprimanded, "who cares about the little barbarian minx anyhow?" But his surreptitious glance, as he watched the maiden recede in the distance, belied his words. The girl was Kachieva, the daughter of Ras Kasai.

They were almost confident that the girl had not seen them, but in a few minutes they were convinced that she had, for soon several warriors appeared with a fine array of spears and a few guns of some obsolete make. All hastily retreated after a conference, from which they must have decided there was no impending danger.

SEVERAL of the native attendants could speak the Galla language, and therefore their masters had gained some knowledge of it. They learned that Ras Kasai wished to be on friendly terms with them, and to their surprise, desired to have them attend the "Feast of the Betrothal" on the following day. Kachieva, the comely daughter of Ras Kasai was soon to be given in marriage to Naseth Omar, the son of the neighboring Ras. The Englishmen thought it an honor to be invited, and with their attendants, went eagerly to the scene of the festivities. They were ushered into a spacious court-way. The branches of various kinds of trees were placed here and there in every nook and crook; crude ornaments carved of ivory and ebony were placed in the once barren niches of the walls; the skins of panthers, leopards and other beasts were placed before the feet of those reclining and fibre baskets, heaped with luscious native fruits were interspersed among the guests.

Some of the women reclined on their divan like seats while others squatted on the skins of various animals. Numbers of comely women of native rank, garbed in satin "shammas," were skipping to and fro waving the branches of palms. The "alsalafy" (servant) passed mugs of "tej" and the carcass of an areal buck was brought in. Great strips of the yet quivering flesh were cut and they began to eat it with great alacrity.

THE old and usual Galla custom of celebrating a betrothal was for the youth to undergo a love testing feat. The youth was forced to sit on a low stool, with bared back and the guests would lash him with a lash made of hippopotamus hide. No matter if the blood was drawn from the wounds, if the victim did not flinch he was considered worthy of the hand of the dusky damsel. This bit of semi-savagery had been supplanted by the "Betrothal Feast" which showed an advancement in civilization. The same was a revelation of the Galla customs and Dunnington and Dillingham departed well satisfied with the entertainment.

As the days went by the travelers became more and more satisfied with their place of encampment, and the end of each day saw them return from some excursion into the interior of the province. They oftentimes brought back the young of some strange beast, a brace of bustards or some curios.

Each day Dillingham watched for Kachieva to come down to fill her skin water-jug, and one day he offered her an artificial diamond necklace, on the end of which was fastened a tiny mirror. In the glare of the sun the brilliancy of the necklace rivaled that of the genuine article. Kachieva was so pleased that she kissed his hand. These were the first real white men she had ever seen and they were a great curiosity to her as well as to others. The creatures must be some kind of supernatural beings, but just how they had washed their faces completely white, was a question they could not unravel. To them a dark skin was ideal. After this she would

(Continued on page 10)

A New Year's Resolution

By Frederick D. Nelson.

HELLO dere, Zeke, I'd lak ter know

Whar you's been dis week er so.

Say, tell me, is you heahd de nooze?

I's done pulled off mah last yeah's shooze.

I's sho ter lib er life dat leads

Er way f'om all ma sinful deeds.

I wish you'd make er solum vow

Dat you'll lib bettah aftah now.

An' one mo' drink wud tho yo' late.

"What! ef yo's at de go'en gate,

Yo'd say, 'Sain' Petah, please be kin'

An' 'low me ter console mah min'.

Yo's jes' a perfec' slave ter gin.

Yo's lak de chaff driv by de win'.

Huh! soon's yo' drink what gin yo's got,

Is you gwine ter gib de Lawd yer heart?"

"Go 'cross de road an' drink it sah!

Den hurry back, we'll kneel in prayah.

What's dat? dat gin is ob de bes'—

Made in a 'stillery way out wes'?

I guess I'd bettah hide my face;

I sees I's fallin' f'om ma grace.

What yo' smack yo' lips an' smilin' at?

I sees you thoo ma ragged hat.

"I feel ma conchunce 'gin ter drap

Ez I smells dat good plantation sap!

Stop right dere, Zeke, ef you's ma fren'

Don't drink er nodder drap ov gin.

Yo's drunk yo' ha'f an' part o' mine.

Yo's greedy ez er hungry swine!

De old yeah's out, but it ain't wrong

Ter drink er little gin erlong."

THE DREADFUL SECRET

By Judith A. Horton

LAVAUGHN WARING was "head of the suits" in Mansel's, one of the best shops on State Street. She had been there only four years, yet in that time had worked herself up from errand girl in the dressmaking department. During these years she had won the goodwill and affection of all with whom she had come in contact.

Lavaughn was as pretty as she was competent. She had soft olive skin, large black-lashed, gray eyes and wavy black hair. Her not-too-full, red lips parted in a ready smile, disclosing a set of even, pearly teeth. She had been able to attain her present position by being always on the job. She did not stay up half the night in cheap dance halls nor in stuffy moving picture theatres as many working girls do. Some of the girls thought her very haughty because she never consented to share their amusements. She lived in a flat with her parents somewhere about ten miles from the shop.

ONE morning in August as Lavaughn superintended the unpacking of a shipment of fall suits just arrived, the floor manager appeared. After talking with her a few minutes about the shipment, he said: Miss Waring, please come to my office at five o'clock. I have an important message for you.

"All right," she replied and continued her work. That afternoon at five, while donning her hat she remembered her appointment with the manager, William Clarkston, and hurried to his office. "Billie" Clarkston, as he was called by the "store," sat looking out the window.

He was a handsome chap about twenty-seven or eight years of age, with rosy fair complexion, brown eyes and hair. He turned smiling as the door opened.

"La-er I mean Miss Waring," stammered Billie. "I wanted to ask you to go to the Avenue Theatre or take supper somewhere with me tomorrow evening. Now, please don't say 'No' to me again as you always do."

Lavaughn hesitated, then replied slowly, "Mister Clarkston, I would like very much to accept your invitation, but I think it impossible, really."

"Oh, now, that's a beastly shame," cried he. Then after a moment, he spoke more cheerfully. "I say, Miss Waring, suppose you reconsider the matter and if you change your mind, let me know in the morning. I won't accept 'No' anymore."

"I'm afraid you'll have to," returned Lavaughn as she left the office.

AFTER she had gone Billie sat looking at the door out of which she had passed for some time, and then shaking his head he murmured, "I wonder how. Somehow she seems a little worried." Rousing himself, he rose, took his hat and left.

Lavaughn, riding homeward on a crowded car, sat with a puzzled brow gazing straight before her, evidently in deep thought. "Oh," she rebelliously cried to herself, "why shouldn't I go? The other girls are always talking of their good times. I believe I'll go once, anyhow!"

The next morning, after leaving her hat in the cloak-room, Lavaughn walked slowly to the manager's office. Slowly she opened the door and stepping in closed it behind her. "Mister Clarkston," she said, as he turned expectantly towards her, "I have changed my mind; I've decided to go with you this evening. I think I'll prefer the Avenue."

"This is awfully nice of you, Miss Waring," smiled Billie. "And we're going to have a dandy time, too," he added.

"That's just what we want," happily returned the girl. Turning to leave, she spoke again. "Oh, Mr. Clarkston, we, my brother and I, are coming down to the depot with a cousin this evening so you may meet me at the elevated station at eight-fifteen."

THE day passed swiftly and uneventfully. At a quarter past eight Billie met Lavaughn at the elevated station. She looked cool and pretty in dainty sports clothes. They made their way through the crowded streets to the theatre as she objected to the taxi which he suggested. Between the acts she amused herself by looking over the audience and wondering why he seemed so interested in these Colored performers, and why he had chosen a Colored theatre. When the curtain dropped for the last time, Billie suggested supper, but Lavaughn decided that it

was time to go home as they were both working folks. Jack Waring, her brother, met them at the elevated station. After introducing the men, Lavaughn told Billie that she had spent a delightful evening and that her brother would now take her home.

Although that night, as she prepared for bed, Lavaughn vowed never to go out with Billie again, her natural desire for an occasional good time overcame her determination. Often during the fall Lavaughn Waring and Billie Clarkston could be seen together at dinner or theatre. Always her brother met them at the elevated station to take her home.

At first Billie remonstrated at this but she earnestly replied that it was impossible for her to take him to her home. He wondered but said no more about it.

AS Christmas approached they were very busy at the shop, often working late, so Billie and Lavaughn did not spend many evenings together. On the day after Christmas they happened to lunch at the same time in the store.

"Vaughn," said Billie (he was now permitted this privilege), I heard you talking to some of the girls about the Merry Christmas you had, and the splendid time you expect to have at your home tomorrow. You said you were going to cook the dinner all by yourself. It seems that I am left out of your plans completely. Gee! but I'm going to be lonesome. I live in a boarding house you know. Vaughn, dear, please let me come out and spend the day."

"I'd love to Billie," answered the girl, "but I'll have to see about it. I'll let you know."

But she said nothing on the following day nor yet

the next. So on the evening of the thirty-first of December as Lavaughn stepped into the elevator, Billie followed determined to get an answer. "Lavaughn," he said rather crossly, "I'm going home with you tonight." To his surprise and delight she answered graciously: "All right, Billie, boy, come along."

AT the door he hailed a taxi and helping her in, told the man to drive in the park a while. For a few minutes they rode in silence then as he moved nearer her, Billie spoke. "Lavaughn dearest," he whispered, "I love you,—I love you. Is it possible that you care for me? Beloved say that you care a little." He drew her unresisting form to him, silently. As he bent to find her soft lips, she spoke. "Billie don't—wait a moment. I must tell you something. And oh, how I dread it!" she moaned. "The reason I wouldn't let you come to our home was 'cause I was afraid you would find it out, Billie."

"Find out what, Honey? What is it? Tell me dear," pleaded Billie.

After struggling with her voice a moment Lavaughn sobbed: "Oh, Billie, I'm Colored and I didn't want you to know it because—I—I do love you,—dear."

"Oh Boy!" exulted Billie, as he laughingly wiped the tears from her pretty eyes. "I'm Colored too Vaughn. But I couldn't have told you dear," he said seriously, "I was more afraid than you." Then as he kissed her softly, "Say it again, sweetheart."

"What?" sighed the girl.

"You know," he said.

"Well sometime," she answered happily as she snuggled closer in his arms.

LOVE IS ALWAYS YOUNG

By Florence Moss Blackwell

UNCLE REMUS made his way through the quiet streets of the village at an unusually early hour to keep an engagement with Aunt Amanda (as he thought). As he neared the corner leading to the Colored drug store, he noticed a large crowd of young folks, it being New Year's morning, he thought at once that they were planning some sort of amusement for New Year's Day. He spoke cheerfully as usual as he approached them.

Making his way through the crowd he did not detect the pause in conversation and the whispering sounds. Age had done its work in aiding the boys with their secret. Uncle Remus was rather deaf and did not hear them so they discussed him in subdued tones.

Just as he was about to free himself from the crowd at the entrance of the drug store, Aunt Amanda emerged from within, a glad smile encircling her brown face. She looked long and lovingly at Uncle Remus, then she spoke timidly.

"Why Remus, you seem not to know that this is the hour and the appointed place; what does your manner mean?"

Uncle Remus stood there trembling, this was not the shy, modest Amanda of his childhood days. Aunt Amanda took his arm and they were soon moving hurriedly towards the village church.

They did not seem to realize that they were being followed by the crowd and the druggist himself.

UNCLE REMUS and Aunt Amanda has been childhood lovers, but Amanda had been seized with a sudden passion for Joe Simpkins and had

run away marrying him, even after her invitations were sent out for her marriage to Uncle Remus. But Uncle Remus always told every one who asked him why he never married that he was waiting until God sent Amanda back to him. Amanda was happy for a time then the fancy wore off and she realized that after all she loved Uncle Remus and not the man she married. So six months after the death of her husband, she moved with her eighteen year old orphan grand daughter back to the village of her childhood days where she found Uncle Remus old and decrepit, but still unmarried. After many months they both realized that even though they were entering their seventies, that their love for each other was as vivid as of old.

Every one in the village knew of the beautiful love that had filled the heart of Uncle Remus for Aunt Amanda and they felt sure that she loved him no less. So the young folk of the village decided to join hands with cupid and make the old people as happy as they deserved to be.

UNCLE REMUS received a letter from Aunt Amanda—or at least he thought it was from Aunt Amanda. The letter asked him to wait for her at the Colored drug store and she and the preacher would join him there at sunrise. Aunt Amanda received a letter also from Uncle Remus telling her to meet him at the little village church at sunrise, if she loved him. Ruth, Aunt Amanda's grand daughter, was told of the plot and agreed to disguise as her grandmother and meet Uncle Remus at the drug store.

Slipping out of the house quietly, Ruth joined Harry West, the druggist on the corner, near her home, and hurried over to the drug store. Ruth was dressed in her grandmother's best dress, and with a gray wig, and the old lady's bonnet, in the grey twilight of early autumn, she presented her grandmother's duplicate so closely that Harry found it hard to restrain from hugging her on the spot.

SO the little crowd that gathered on the corner, followed the couple through the quiet streets of the village until they reached the church. For a moment Uncle Remus and Ruth paused on the steps of the church, for Ruth felt a certain sacredness in entering the House of Prayer; they moved slowly on entering, and they could see a form sitting in one of the front pews. The crowd had followed at a

(Continued on page 10)

The Call of Love

By Bernice Love Wiggins

AR over the hills beyond the sea,
From out of the waves o' the billowy sea,
A voice calls thee.

AR far away from the ocean's tide,
Over the green plains, far and wide,
It calls thee still.

ND in the forest the very trees,
Whisper a message for the breeze
To bear to thee.

He flowers in the meadows bend and sigh,
The birds that are mated wonder why
You heed it not.

THE INTERRUPTED DREAM

By Wallace Green.

JACK ADAMS stood in the middle of his room, his hands thrust into his pockets, staring wildly at the pale moonlight that streamed into the room through a window pane where the gay curtains were slightly parted. No sound came to him from without, except the haunted sound of the passing breeze because the drowsy earth had buried its face in the bosom of the silent midnight hour. He had not thought to turn on the electric light, for he was in a deep study. He had reached the venerable age of thirty-five and was still unmarried. As he sat alone in his room that dreary midnight, the marriage question loomed up before him as it had never done before.

"Jack Adams," said he to himself, "how is it that you find yourself a bachelor at this age? Where have you been? What have you been doing?" His thoughts then bore him aloft on the wings of time and carried him backward on the road to memory. He called to mind every love affair he had had in his lifetime, excusing himself for not marrying any one of the frivolous maidens whom he admired in days past. Jack further tried to excuse himself for being a bachelor by thinking of the things he had done in life.

JACK remembered with no little pride how he, when a youth of twenty-two, had walked out of the gates of his Alma Mater with his heart aflame with ambition, desiring to make many people happy instead of only one. He had soon found himself, along with other brave missionaries, on board an ocean liner, bound for the sunny shores of Africa, and there in sweet Damaraland, he had spent eleven years with a great Bantu tribe, teaching them to build houses and to live in them, to make clothing and wear it, to keep themselves clean and neat, and not to spoil their faces with ugly marks. Jack remembered how he had taught them agriculture, how to harvest the crop and store it away; but of all of these things he had taught them, the sweetest to remember was that he had often gathered the members of the tribe into the large chapel which he, with the assistance of the young men of the tribe, had built, and there he had so often told them the story of the Cross.

Jack also called to mind the sad day when he said farewell to his loved Africa tribe, which he had lifted out of its savage state. Tears came into his eyes as he remembered how he had lined them all up as he was about to depart, and bade them look for his ultimate return; he remembered how they wept. Nevertheless he had hardened his heart and left them and departed from the golden shores of Africa, with the intention of passing through portions of Europe, then journeying to America to visit friends and relatives before returning to his work in Africa. But Mars interfered.

DURING his stay in France the great world war broke out, and soon he found himself in the foreign legion of the French Army, taking active part in each bloody struggle. One awful day when the French were endeavoring to turn back the thrust at the Marne, Jack Adams, in a hand to hand combat with a giant Prussian was struck on the head with the butt of a rifle and the next thing Jack knew he was clad in bandages and lying upon a bed in an Army Hospital, redolant with the smell of medicine.

Discharged from the hospital, and honorably discharged from the French Army, he was given a pass to his home land, whereupon he boarded the first American bound steamer he could find, which steamed out upon the mighty deep, crawled across the lucid waters and laid her weary head in port at New Orleans, and Jack Adams was at home once more.

"Well," thought Jack, "I have gone to the wonderful shores of Africa, wrestled with the black water fever and prevailed, escaped the mouth of the roaring lion, rescued thirty-thousand Africans from the maw of paganism and black night and set their feet in the straight and narrow path of Christianity; in France I had no fear of the crying bullet, the screaming shrapnel nor the howling cannon; I laughed at the angry waves of the sea; all these things I have done without flinching, yet when I think of the lonely future, the dreary life of the bachelor, my heart sinks within me.

"What shall I do?" he continued to himself, "when my head is crowned with the burden of years, and time has painted my locks white as the hoary frosts

of winter. And is not marriage a sacred command?"

SO wrapped was Jack in thought that he did not hear the screaming of the front door as it swung open, nor did he hear the sound of light footsteps upon the floor behind him. Then suddenly a jeweled hand shot upward, touching the electric light bulb, and suddenly the room was flooded with light, and there stood before Jack's eyes, the most beautiful woman. Jack Adams' knees fairly vibrated from fear, for a moment, but the beauty stood and eyed him in such a calm manner, that Jack, ashamed of his cowardice, summoned all his strength and pulled himself together. When, with glaring eyes, he had scrutinized her face and decided that it was a composition of flesh and blood, he grew bolder and dared to speak.

"M-m-madam," he stammered.

"Sir," Jack heard the sound of her sweet voice as it were the distant note of a bird, her large, dark eyes caressing him tenderly. Jack Adams grew bolder now, so bold that he was himself again. He began to think within himself that this beautiful midnight visitor was weak, either mentally or morally, or she would not be standing so fearlessly in a gentleman's room at that time of night, especially one that she did not know.

"Madam," repeated Jack, "do you realize that you are in a bachelor's house and that no one except you and the bachelor is present?"

"I do," she calmly replied.

"Then," further interrogated Jack, "aren't you very much mistaken?"

"No," she answered. "I know that you are Jack Adams, a faithful missionary, a gallant soldier, and

a perfect gentleman. Although alone with you, I know that I shall be perfectly safe, for you respect womanhood. Seeing that I am perfectly safe, from any insult, why should I not come over without fear, and spend a few pleasant hours in your company?"

SO, with soft words, she stormed at his heart and that organ melted as the snow melts in summer; then Jack cast away his superstitious ideas concerning the beautiful midnight visitor, and bade her seat herself in an easy chair nearby, which she did. Jack drew his own chair close to hers, and sat close to her. Then began a most heart soothing conversation.

Jack told the beautiful Miss Fairchild,—for that was her name—all of his troubles, especially his bachelor troubles, and to his surprise and great joy, he found that she was having troubles of her own. Jack expressed his sympathy.

Now sympathy, you know, is only a mile from love,—but in order to reach love you must pursue the right course from the sympathizing point. Jack Adams perceiving that he and Miss Fairchild then stood on the hill of sympathy, headed his train of clever words straight for the city of love, and keeping his eyes on the rail of acute judgment, Jack soon drew up his panting engine in the midst of the blissful town of love.

Then he laid his heart at the beauty's feet, and a spring of joy bulged out of his heart as the fair one raised her tear dimmed eyes to his and said:

"My darling, do you love me? Do you really care?"

Jack drew her close to his heaving breast,—but just as his lips were about to touch hers—he leaned too far over in his chair and fell to the floor. Then

MOLLIE'S FORTUNE

By Florence Moss Blackwell.

TOM PERRY was dejected over the ruthless way in which he had been jilted by Mollie Baker. Tom was an innocent country lad of twenty summers. Of home loving, industrious, Christian parents, Tom, in spite of his four years in college in a nearby city, was unspoiled by his contact with city friends and customs. His noble mind had planned a great work for his community and he cherished the hope and looked forward to the day when he and Mollie would, together bring to pass his sweetest dream.

Every six months Tom would make his usual visit to the bank that protected the farmers' money of that community. Mollie had grown tired of single blessedness and although she was sure of Tom's love, she was impatient because of his persistent silence. If he wanted to marry her, why couldn't he say so? Mollie decided that she would make Tom pop the question. Therefore she gathered together all of his letters and every gift that he had given to her and sent them all to him without a single word of explanation.

MOLLIE felt sure that when she returned his gifts and letters that Tom would hasten to her and demand an explanation, then she intended to tell him that she would have to have a definite understanding with him and that he must make public announcement of their engagement. But simple hearted Tom was a slow thinker. In fact if he had had to solve mysteries for a living, he would have starved to death. Dazed, bewildered, dejected he turned the little packet of letters over in his hand; and one by one fingered the little gifts with which Mollie had once adorned herself. And so a week passed. What had he done to merit such punishment? Why did she not write and explain? Then thought Tom, "If my gifts and letters are objectionable, I surely cannot be welcome." So he stayed away.

Meanwhile Mollie waited patiently or rather, impatiently for a message from Tom. But Tom did not write, nor did he come in person. Mollie decided that she had cut off her own nose, so to speak, to spite her face. "But I won't let any one know that it troubles me," she thought. "I'll make everyone believe that I really didn't want him."

NOW Mollie was not a wall flower, nor was she one of the modest little violets that humble themselves to ask forgiveness of a mere man, even

though the mere man deserves the apology. Therefore it was soon learned that Mollie was engaged to Joe Brice. Joe owned fifty acres of land and an automobile, and was therefore considered the "catch" of the community, and Mollie was congratulated on her wise and excellent choice.

As the days passed swiftly by, nearer and nearer came the day set for Mollie's marriage to Joe Brice. Then Mollie made a discovery. Joe Brice was to have taken her to the church social one night. Mollie dressed and waited for him on the front porch. But Joe didn't come. Eight o'clock came and no Joe. Nine o'clock, then ten and finally at ten thirty when she saw the lights go out in the church, she crept up stairs to bed. Tom had never disappointed Mollie. This was a new experience to her and she didn't like it. More than that she saw nothing of Joe Brice for a week and when she did see him coming up the walk a week later, his step was not as steady as it should have been and the haggard face told plainly of sleepless nights and revelry. Mollie slipped quietly out of the house and through the woods to a quiet secluded nook where she could reflect.

She remembered vividly how Tom would talk over his plans with her and how delighted he seemed when he expressed a desire to have her help him in the management of a Rural Settlement House for the people of their community. "Perhaps this was his way of proposing," thought Mollie.

Next morning Mollie paused in her task of weeding the flower garden to greet the rural postman at her gate. He handed her a letter bearing the postmark of Chicago, Illinois. The contents revealed that Mollie was heir to a fair sized fortune left her by her uncle.

Mollie shouted, she screamed, she laughed, she cried and vowed that with such a fortune at her command she would break her engagement to Joe Brice, move to the big city and send Tom secretly the money with which to carry on his work. She knew that Tom would not accept the money if he knew that she gave it. Letter in hand, Mollie ran over to tell Hannah—her best friend. Hannah was Tom's cousin and was therefore delighted with the news in more ways than one; she saw the coming happiness of the two she loved so well, and not unlike other human beings, if she couldn't be wealthy herself, she at least liked the idea of having wealth in the family.

(Continued on page 10)



FOR THE NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN DAY



Imagine your bride's maid gowned in a fluffy confection of tulle, satin and old lace, with a "Georgette" hat that is a perfect match. The dress, of course, could be white or one of your favorite tints—pink, blue, lavender, green, gold or silver. But of course, the more delicate and vague the tint, the lovelier the creation. (At the left.)

Net of the finest quality and lace that is still finer combine to make the dainty costume at the right. An underslip of pale pink satin enhances the charm of the costume.

What could be more charming than this bridal costume of white satin and lace? The veil, which by the way, is the most important part of a bridal costume, adds a Mediaeval touch that is charming indeed.

What They Are Wearing - - - By Madam F. Madison

THE newest frocks are made of sateen. Even the hats are made of this quaint, old fashioned material. One house is showing a broad brimmed beaver hat with a sateen crown, and many of the late winter and early spring models are of sateen.

The figure remains slim of line this season, and some of the skirts are rather long, and exceedingly narrow. Some of them are ruffled from the waist to the knees, others show the narrow bottomed skirt and a full, oddly shaped tunic.

The fur blouse is new. Usually it is rather

straight in line and belted tightly at the waist line with a thick cord. In fact here is almost no garment that does not boast of a bit of fur. This is probably due to the fact that our supply of coal is somewhat limited and one must keep comfortable.

Tete de negre, maroon and black seem to be the favorite colors for the very smart mid-Winter hats. Beaver hats are extremely popular, especially the wide brimmed beavers. These need little or no trimming.

Imagine an evening gown of fur—waist, skirt

and all, then imagine trimming such a frock with pearls and rhinestones. If the idea please you and you can't afford fur, or if you think the fur would be too warm, substitute seal brown velvet and trim it in the same manner. Another evening gown that is strikingly pretty is of black embroidered net over black satin with wide, wing-like sleeves that extend to the hem of the dress. A wide black satin girdle brocaded in gold, and a spray of gold and silver flowers are the only trimming of which the charming model boast.

The HALF-CENTURY Shopping Service will be pleased to purchase Suits and Hats described for any of our readers as per prices quoted. Send description and money to Miss Jane Hudson, care Half-Century Magazine, Chicago, Illinois.

GENERAL RACE NEWS

IT is said that Japan and China are planning to raise the race question at the forth coming peace conference with the object of supressing all further race discrimination throughout the world.

Twenty Colored nurses have been assigned by the American Red Cross to the base hospital at Camp Dodge, Ia. The understanding is that they are to care for all patients in the hospital regardless of color.

Dr. H. B. Delany of Raleigh, N. C., has been recently consecrated suffragan bishop of the Diocese of North Carolina.

AIDING THE DISABLED SOLDIERS.

Announcement is made by Dr. Emmett J. Scott, Special Assistant to the Secretary of War, that the Government proposes to make liberal provision for its soldiers, of whatever race, color or creed, who return from battle disabled or handicapped in any way to resume their places as workers in the civilian life of the world.

Through the Federal Board for Vocational Education the Government, in connection with the War Department, will undertake to restore all of its soldiers to their former self-respecting activities, in recognition of the sacrifices they have made in the fight for the liberty of the world, and of the fact that they have given freely of the strength of their bodies in defense of their country's flag.

The Government is of the opinion that the announcement of such a plan cannot fail to inspire confidence in the soldier that his material interests are being cared for by competent authority and that the nation has no intention of forgetting his valued services and sacrifices.

The Government of the United States is able to make provision to help the disabled American soldier overcome his handicaps and take his place as an independent worker among men.

Announcement is made that the Federal Board for Vocational Education will undertake the training of a disabled soldier for a new occupation or re-training to better fit him for his former occupation, this training to be free of cost, if he is entitled to compensation under the war risk insurance law. His expense of training, personal living expenses and allowances for the support of his dependents will be paid by the Government, if he chooses to undertake training under the auspices of the Federal Board which is made solely responsible to Congress for this work. The family or dependents of each disabled man will receive from the Government during his period of training the same monthly allowance as that paid prior to his discharge from the Army or Navy. It is left entirely at the option of the disabled man as to whether or not he chooses to take advantage of the Government's offer to retain him and re-establish him in civilian life. Therefore this suggestion is made that the wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts of the men for whose benefit this provision has been made, exert their big influence to the end that their loved one may make the right decision.

Each case is treated individually, hence each man, if possible, is given the course of training adapted to his specific needs, and will be established as a worker near his own home. If conditions are such that this cannot be done, loyal American women are asked to still lend their aid in having the men take this training even if they should be called upon to bear up bravely through a slight extension of the period of separation and exhibit anew the fortitude and heroism which they so handsomely showed when the call to arms was first made. By taking advantage of the Government's offer of training, the soldier may be able to realize his ambitions to finish his work in college or trade school or master the vocation he had set his heart upon completing, when side tracked by pre-war circumstances. He may thus be more efficiently trained and become eligible for a better job than he had before the war took him to camp or field. He must not be permitted to go to work as an unskilled laborer merely because the wages are good. He should be thoroughly trained for a job he can keep when times

are not so prosperous, and for one in which he will have opportunities to gain promotion. The desires of those who have professional aspirations will not be overlooked. The primary endeavor is to fit the man for the job for which his inclination and capacity seem to indicate the strongest probability of success, and in which there is likely to be a demand for his services.

Full particulars as to the methods by which all soldiers may be restored to self-supporting activity may be obtained by addressing an inquiry to the Federal Board for Vocational Education, Washington, D. C.

Mme. Mary Ross Dorsey, the well known elocutionist, appeared in recital in Pittsburgh, Pa., in December. Her program included Italian and Spanish monologues, as well as selections from Dunbar and Shakespeare. She also gave recitals in New York, and New Jersey during the month of December.

It is stated that there are now 525 Y. M. C. A. secretaries engaged in work among the Colored troops in this country and overseas.

Helen Hagan appeared in recital in Chicago in December. She was assisted on the program by Mme. Martha Broadus Anderson and the Treble Clef Club. Her rendition of every number was up to her usual standard and the audience that greeted her was large.

It is said that there are seven hundred volunteer Colored women working in the huts and canteens of the Y. M. C. A. in France.

HOW DO YOU WRITE?

WE can use several hundred first class short story manuscripts. More than that we will pay for them on publication. Send in as many stories as you like—can't get too many good ones.

The Half-Century is the only Colored periodical that features regularly interesting fiction about Colored people and by Colored authors.

We do not want philosophy, eloquence, science, or weird, fantastic stories of mystery.

Let them be full of action, romance, love, sentiment. Let your characters be live, full of wit,—give us a bit of pathos, the glamour of money, and let the whole be easy for the understanding.

Avoid the discussion of politics or religion. Every man's religion is sacred to him, and it is not for us to say who is right and, besides, this is a land of religious freedom.

Our people are tired at the end of the day, and they appreciate the diversion and recreation. They will read anything that is light, airy and refreshing.

So if you have a first-class story on hand, and you want it published in the most popular Colored Magazine in the world—let us have it.

When an attempt was made to have General Foch segregate the Colored officers and soldiers in France, the General is said to have made the following statement:

"Gentlemen, when Gen. Pershing came to France, he found a black man at the head of the French Army. France has no color prejudice and persecutes no man on account of color or creed." The black man referred to is General Alfred Dodds, who for many years has been in command of the Oriental Armies of France, and is stationed in Cochin, China.

Tuskegee Institute will hold its annual conference of Colored Farmers on January 22nd and 23rd. The subject for discussion will be "Meeting the Needs of the Farmer in the After War Situation."

One hundred Colored ministers in Kentucky met in Louisville recently under the auspices of the National Committee on Churches and Moral Aims of the War to discuss the problems of the reconstruction period.

There are at present 331 Colored Y. M. C. A. secretaries at present engaged in war work in this country and overseas. These men are all required to be members of a church and in good standing and capable of commanding the respect of the soldiers with whom they work. Their duties are varied, but they have given entire satisfaction.

Clarence Cameron White, the violinist, and T. Theodore Taylor, the pianist are touring the West, giving recitals in all of the larger cities. So far they have appeared before large and well pleased audiences.

Illiteracy among both white and Colored is on the decrease in Georgia. In the past five years statistics show that it has decreased 6 per cent, so that now the illiterate children of the state number only three in one hundred.

We are told that the Ninety-second Division is scheduled to stay in France, patrolling the German territory for some time yet, and they probably will not return to The United States until 1920.

It is said that much fear has been manifested in some parts of the South because of a recent heavy purchase of firearms by the Colored people in those parts. According to Dame Rumor these people declare they are preparing to demand their rights and if they don't get them they will fight for them.

Mme. Galloway Byron the noted singer appeared in concert in Dallas, Texas in November. Her program was interesting and the numbers were rendered in her usual splendid manner. She will appear in other parts of the southwest in the near future.

The Chicago Urban League has sent out letters to all members of the race who have recently been employed by business houses which until recently did not employ members of the race, and asked them to be mindful of their manners, dress and deportment, and also to give their very best service in order that these firms will feel warranted in employing more of our race permanently.

West Virginia has a Colored bank. It is the Mutual Savings and Loan Bank, located in the city of Charleston, and it is the only Colored bank in the State.

The Equal Rights League Congress which met in Washington, D. C., in December elected nine representatives to attend the World's Peace Conference. They are: Dr. M. A. N. Shaw, Boston, Mass.; Rev. W. T. Johnson, W. Va.; Atty. N. S. Taylor, Greenville, Miss.; Bishop L. W. Kyles, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Ida B. Wells Farnett, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. C. J. Walker, New York, N. Y.; and Rev. William T. Carter, Seattle, Wash.; Rev. J. R. Ransom, Wichita, Kans.; and W. M. Trotter, Boston, Mass. The last named delegate is to be the executive secretary to the representation.

A number of prominent Colored people including Dr. George Haynes, director of Negro Economics in the Department of Labor at Washington, D. C., met in St. Louis in December to offer plans for the adjustment of Negro labor during the reconstruction period.

The American Academy of Political Science connected with the Columbia University of New York City recently held a reconstruction conference. Among the speakers for the occasion were Hon. William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor; Ex-President Taft; Charles M. Schwab, Director General American Fleet Corporation; Miss Mary Van Kleeck, Director of Women in Industry Service; Dr. George E. Haynes, Director of Negro Economics in the Department of Labor; Thomas B. Love, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; and Felix Frankfurter, Assistant Labor Administrator. There were three great points discussed in connection with reconstruction, "The Change in the Relation of Negro Wage Earners to White Employers, North and South;" "Workmen;" and "The Change in the Negro Himself."

**BE SURE TO ORDER YOUR
FEBRUARY NUMBER IN ADVANCE
IT WILL BE THE BEST EVER
FROM COVER TO COVER**

BANKS

By McAdoo Baker.

GENERALLY our people do not understand what banks are for, and the question is frequently asked, "How do banks make money?" as a large percent of the people are under the impression that all banks are for is to provide a big, burglar proof vault, to safely keep, without charge the money of all persons that care to leave funds with them, and judging from the dealings that many of our people have with banks, you would conclude that it was an institution solely for the purpose of changing five dollar bills into quarters and dimes. Nevertheless a bank is not only a profitable business institution but it is likewise one that renders valuable service to a community and to the country.

The five most important industries are agriculture, mining, transportation, manufacturing and banking.

Agriculture and mining produce the raw material, transportation carries it to the manufacturer and to the consumer; the manufacturer and the consumer turn the raw material into finished and usable products; and banking provides the financial and credit machinery by which these processes are made possible. The peculiar function of the bank is to furnish the capital and the credit. The other industries employ it. A bank occupies about the same relationship to a community as the heart does to the human body; without the bank trade and industry could not have attained the present high state of development, for banking has been the chief motive power in the advance of material civilization.

WE have just passed through a world's war—the greatest in history in which there were many serious charges of atrocities made against Germany;—but notwithstanding these charges, which are regrettable Germany demonstrated through this war an efficiency which startled the world. Further, this marvelous development of Germany, it has been shown was largely due to the interest taken by its banks in the material welfare of their country. The German banks are closely connected with all classes of improvement schemes. They are represented on the board of directors; they keep in close touch with the business which they have financed. For instance a chemical house is formed to make dyes and explosives. The bank becomes, in a sense a partner. It provides the capital necessary to develop the company, taking back bonds or stock in payment. When the project is finished, the securities, of the enterprise are sold to the clients of the bank, with the latter's moral, if not legal guarantee that the proposition is sound and worthy of investment, and a new fund is in hand for another work. By thus getting close to the actual work of development, these banks have played a most, if not the most, important role in the marvelous growth and efficiency of the German empire.

Banking was originally a common law right. Any citizen could be a banker, if his neighbors would trust him, and therefore a person could put up a bank sign over a grocery store or a boot black stand. Some men could be trusted to use these privileges wisely, it was in the course of time proven that as the privilege was so subject to abuse either from lack of ability, honesty or responsibility and as it also developed that a bank by receiving on deposit the funds of others was a quasi-public institution; and therefore should be under public control, both in the granting of the privilege and inspection and regulation thereafter, for the common good resulting in National Banks under National supervision and State Banks under State supervision.

THE FUNCTION OF A BANK.

THE principal functions of a bank are five fold:
1. To assemble capital and make it effective—this is done by assembling capital of its own, and by attracting idle capital. In the organization of a bank, the stockholders subscribe to the stock which simply means that they unite their private capital with that of other stockholders, so that the aggregate fund becomes the capital stock or capital of the bank. With this fund as the starting point, the bank is ready to do business. It loans this fund to borrowers and thus makes a profit. But if the capital funds were all the bank had with which to work, it would not prove a profitable undertaking, for after deducting expenses and losses, the profits, if any, would be small. It therefore invites the public to open accounts with it

The Service They Furnish, and Why We Should Have a State Supervised Bank in Chicago, Owned and Managed by Colored People.

and it thus assembles another fund, the deposits, which it employs in making loans, buying securities, etc., so that we have not only an additional fund, but another function of the bank, which is,

2—To receive deposits. Contrary to the prevailing idea among our people, the bank does not receive money offered it for safe keeping but receives this money to loan out to others at a profitable interest.

3—Banks also make collections, and

4—Sell exchange, and accept in etc., for all of which they charge for their services. However, the principal profit is made in the loans.

To organize a bank, therefore there must be an accumulation of capital which has already been gathered by individuals. As a basis of its own credit, this is absolutely essential. To allow a body of men to receive deposits without substantial property back of their promises—and supervision by law—would be foolhardy. Fortunately, the law stipulates how much capital there shall be; for a city the size of Chicago, \$100,000.00 is required.

THE NEED OF A BANK IN CHICAGO

CHICAGO, with a Negro population of approximately 90,000 is without question the most progressive center of Colored people in the United States; and notwithstanding our people have millions of dollars on deposit with the white banks of the city and notwithstanding we have merchants in good standing and individuals with gilt edge real estate security desiring loans, very rarely can a loan be secured from any of the banks of our city, by any of our people. Usually when one of our race makes application for

THE UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION SAYS:

Just before Mr. Hoover boarded his ship for Europe on his present trip he made the following statement:

"There is a great problem in the situation of the enemy people—about 90,000,000. This problem is not one of going to their relief. It is a problem of relaxing the watertight blockade, which continues through the aristic, sufficiently so that they may secure for themselves the bare necessities that will give stable government. Unless anarchy can be put down and stability of government can be obtained in these enemy states there will be nobody to make peace with, and nobody to pay the bill to France and Belgium for the destruction that has been done.

"I would certainly approach this problem with mixed feelings, having been long a witness to the robbery of food from women and children, and the destruction of millions of tons of food at sea and to the misery under which the millions amongst the big and little Allies have suffered under the German yoke. Justice requires that Government be established able to make amends for wrongs done, and it cannot be accomplished through spread of anarchy. Famine is the mother of anarchy.

"I am going to Europe to discuss the further food measures that must be organized as a result of the cessation of hostilities. The food problem in Europe today is one of extreme complexity. Of their 420,000,000 practically only three areas South Russia, Hungary, and Denmark, comprising say 40,000,000, have sufficient food supplies to last until next harvest without imports. Some must have immediate relief.

"We have a surplus of some 18,000,000 to 20,000,000 tons of food if we are economical, so that the situation can be handled if this and the other smaller surpluses in the world can be transported.

"All continental Europe has reduced herds and is consequently short of meats and especially fats. These countries have their last harvest and under orderly governments this would furnish breadstuffs

a loan, he is referred to some concern that if they decide to make the loan at all, will make it for a much less amount than customary and charge besides,—through some subterfuge, an exorbitant, ururious rate of interest. For example, should a white person make application for a loan of \$3,000 on first mortgage on real estate worth \$5,000, he will get it from a regular bank at 5½% interest and 2½% commission. But should a Colored person apply for a \$3,000 loan on property of equal value, the bank would refuse under some pretended excuse, but refer the Colored applicant to some concern, who should they consider the application, would pretend that they did not have the money themselves, but that they could get it for him, but that \$2,000 would be all that would be advanced, and that the rate would be 6% or 7%—and with a commission of from 5% to 10% for making the loan.

THE most deplorable condition of all is that many of our people individually as well as churches, societies and other organizations have large funds on deposit in white banks in which not only the said banking institutions would refuse to give any of our people employment or make them loans, but what is worse, these same Negro funds are loaned to white business institutions, that likewise would not give employment to one of our race in any capacity. The Negro's money is used to close the door of opportunity in his own face. Therefore a bank in Chicago, under Colored ownership and management is needed to gather into large workable funds, the deposits of our people so that the same can likewise be loaned in turn to our people at a reasonable rate on their real estate by mortgage securities or to our business people to encourage their race business development.

and vegetables for various periods from two months upward, depending upon the ratio of industrial populations. Something over 200,000,000 of people are now in social disorder.

"In these cases, with transportation and financial demoralization the tendency is for peasants to cease marketing even their surplus and thus instant difficulties are projected into the cities even when resources are available in the country. The peasant and villager of Europe always provides for himself for the whole year in any event. The problem thus narrows itself to the support of the cities and large towns pending restoration of order and the establishment of confidence in future supplies and the cities are the centres of anarchistic infection.

"Arrangements have long since been completed by which the big Allies, that is, France, England, and Italy will be provisioned. This covers 125,000,000 people.

"Our first and deepest concern now must be for the little Allies who were under the German yoke—they are the Belgians, Serbians, Rumanians, Greeks, Czechs, Jugo-Slavs, and others. There are some 75,000,000 in these groups, and they must be systematically helped and at once. We have already doubled the stream of food flowing toward Belgium.

"Our next concern must be to relax the blockade measures as far as possible in order that the neutral states in Europe which are now all on short rations, should be able to take care of their people and prevent the growth of anarchy. This is another group of about 40,000,000.

"Another problem lies in the 50,000,000 people in North Russia a large part of whom are inaccessible owing to the breakdown of transportation and through sheer anarchy. Millions of these are beyond help this winter. These groups are the ones that must enlist the sympathy of the American people and for whom we are prepared to make any necessary sacrifice.

IF YOU DON'T GET YOUR MAGAZINE

If you should subscribe for the Half-Century Magazine and do not get it promptly as you should, or if after you have waited a reasonable length of time, you do not hear from us, write us, explaining the circumstances and we will see that you get a copy immediately.

So many subscribers keep still when they do not get their magazines, or complain to their neighbors and friends instead of complaining to us; of course this does no good because when you do not complain to us, we suppose that you are getting the magazine. We want you to get the magazine, and you will get the magazine if you complain to the right party. Kick where it does the most good.



MOLLIE'S FORTUNE— (Continued from page 6)



FROM childhood Hannah had loved her cousin Joe, but with the wisdom of a Goddess, she had conquered the passion as she saw daily the love that filled his heart for Mollie, their childhood playmate. And now Hannah's greatest desire was to see them happy. Hannah knew that her cousin would find it hard to forgive this girl who had jilted him for another, therefore, she had to think fast in order to carry out her unselfish desire.

Next day Mollie, accompanied by Hannah, went to the big city to claim her fortune. She found everything had been arranged so carefully by the deceased uncle that she soon found herself in possession of more money than she ever dreamed of having.

Hannah knew that the first step towards a reconciliation between Tom and Mollie, was to disgust Mollie with the city and the things that money will buy. Therefore, her first suggestion to Mollie was that she visit a beauty parlor. Here for the first time the young heiress had her fingers manicured; then she had her hair shampooed and marcelled in the latest wave. Next the rather gushy young woman who dressed her hair made the suggestion that she purchase a real, human hair switch, as false hair could be handled more easily than one's own, and Hannah insisted that Mollie should purchase not only that but some puffs and curls as well. Next the exhausted Mollie was turned over to another much powdered, doll faced young woman who massaged and steamed and rolled her face with rubber cups and brushes and creams and hot cloths until Mollie begged for mercy. Then she powdered and rouged her until she looked as doll like as herself. Although it was February Mollie was under a heavy perspiration as she walked beside the cool, deliberate Hannah.

"Hannah, surely you don't mean that this thing of hair root pulling and face scalding must be repeated in twelve months? Why it's the worst possible punishment, it is the 'third degree.'"

"Yes, but you see your position calls for it my child. Why don't you know, where I stayed last summer the girls there went once a week for treatments. You see I happen to know what a rich Colored girl like you must do and have. You are in a big city and you must act like the rest of the folks who have money."

THEIR next visit was to a department store where hats, shoes, gowns and garments of all kinds were piled in stacks for Mollie's selection. Hannah's constant, "select this, select that, Mollie," almost drove her mad as she stood there in utter confusion as to what she should say or do, for she had never been in a big city before.

As they entered the elevator to ascend, only Mollie's self control kept her from screaming out, now as they were about to descend Hannah suggested that they take the stairs that seemed to wind their way to and fro as a reptile. To Mollie this was the impossible.

"Now Hannah, you've dragged me over this town until I'm sick; but there is one thing certain, you ain't going to break my neck on them things."

Night brought them to their boarding place and they soon fell in an exhausted sleep. Early next morning the street in front of their boarding place was lined with automobiles of all makes. There came a succession of raps at Mollie's door, and the landlady informed her that she was wanted by at least a dozen men at the door.

"What on earth can it mean, and what do they want with me? How can they know that Mollie Baker is in town?"

Hannah smiled a smile of satisfaction as she helped Mollie to dress hurriedly.

"Who do you suppose sent these men here, Hannah?"

"That's the puzzle," replied Hannah with outward calm and an inward chuckle.

SO pressed was the poor little heiress by the ambitious agents that she soon found herself speeding along the streets of the great windy city. Whirling back to her door, she purchased the first car to spare herself the dreadful fright of another "lightening ride."

Already Tom's heart had been made glad by a check sent by some unknown doner, and his work was soon to see its bright beginning. As the early garb of Spring beautified the earth Tom's heart turned to

Mollie with a keen desire to know of her welfare.

"Hannah," said Mollie a few weeks later, "there's no use beating about the bush, I am sick of all this style and fancy; I am going back home. Tom may

have all this hateful fortune if he will only let me come back to his quiet bosom."

Thus did Mollie realize that there are things that money can't buy.

HIS RETURN

By Nellie Marie Jordan.

MAGGIE was chewing on the last bite of bread when suddenly she said, "Valencia, I've often wondered why you have never married. You are still good looking. You must have been very pretty when you were young."

"How absurd to put me among the 'has beens,'" and Valencia threw up her hands and laughed until her sides ached.

"Well," Maggie said, half blushing, "you're not as young as I am."

"I'm forty-two," replied Valencia, "my dear, don't look so downhearted, forty-two sounds as young as eighteen to me."

"Surely," said Maggie, "you didn't have to be an old maid. Wasn't there ever any one?"

"Yes," replied the older woman, with tears in her eyes, "yes there was. But he, Like Tom the Boot-black and other poor men went out in search of a fortune, and as yet has never returned."

She drew a long breath and then springing to her feet she said, "I must be going, for it is getting late, and Mother is alone."

Maggie arose, and helped Valencia with her coat. Under the bright incandescent light Valencia's brown face showed a great many wrinkles—a great contrast to the other's rosy youth. The soft brown cheeks had lost their plumpness and small fine lines showed around the corners of the mouth and eyes, while the crinkly dark hair was beginning to show streaks of white.

The door shut with a bang and Valencia made her way through the winding country paths towards home.

THE sun was setting, leaving behind it a bright reddish gold in the sky. As the shades of night gathered around her, her mind went back twenty years, when just such an evening a man, "the man who

had never returned" walked in this same path, stammering words of farewell and promising to return.

Presently a turn in the road revealed the welcome light of Valencia's cottage, glimmering through the darkness. She pulled the gate open, ran up to the door, unlocked it and threw herself into the nearest chair.

"What's the matter, dear," asked her mother. You look as if you never had a friend. Tell me, what is the trouble?"

"Nothing," replied Valencia? "I am just tired. I was afraid you would get lonesome, so I ran all the way from Maggie's house."

"There's a letter for you, dear," said mother.

"A letter for me?" Valencia's eyes grew big with excitement as she gazed with amazement at the white envelope which lay on the table. For a moment it seemed as if youth had once again taken the place of middle age, just as it does in any women who has just received a letter from the man she loves.

"He's coming back,—coming to see me!" Valencia confessed to Maggie's mother the next day, her joy showing itself in smiles.

"Coming back—after all these years?"

"Yes," she said, "isn't that grand?"

MAGGIE'S mother regarded Valencia in silence for a moment then she said, "He'll find you quite changed. You were sweet and young when he went away, and now you are forty-two and work worn and discouraged. Men of his prime expect youth and beauty to drop into their hands."

"But I feel as young as a newly hatched chicken, Mrs. Paine," said Valencia.

"But you don't look it, dear!" exclaimed the frank Mrs. Paine.

(Concluded next month.)

LOVE IS ALWAYS YOUNG---(Continued from page 5)

reasonable distance and was now entering the church. As Harry moved forward with the preacher, Uncle Remus saw that the figure sitting in the pew was Aunt Amanda. Then he turned to see who it was that had led him all the way through the streets and to the very altar itself. Then Ruth threw off her wig and stood with bonnet and wig in hand as Harry drew the preacher in front of them.

"Ruth," said Harry, "it's awful to live alone."

"Yes," answered the young lady, "that's why I wanted Grandma to marry. I wasn't much company for her, and at times she was very lonesome."

"Ruth, you can't live with them in the tiny house, there won't be room for the three of you."

AN EYE FOR AN EYE---(Continued from page 4)

bring him fruits and fowls or send the "alsalafy" with vessels of dhurra and grain.

IT again occurred to Dunnellon to remind his friend not to go too far, with any love making, but Dillingham would always reply, "Leave things to me, my boy. I'm going to take this girl with me to Europe. I can get rid of her. Why, I'll sell her to some Turk for his harem and I'll vouch he will be darned glad to get her." In fact he was cultivating a liking for the girl, but he did not want to admit it.

"Dillingham, once for all, I am going to ask you not to make any ties here—that Naseth Omar will have to be reckoned with. You'll have the whole blooming tribe upon us."

"Nothing serious, old chap—don't worry—," and the discussion of the matter was dropped, but he still petted the girl and amused himself trying to teach her words of the English language. He told her of his native land, its people and huge buildings, and she opened her eyes with wonder and tried to understand.

JUST as the moonbeams are banished by the bright sun's rays, just so was Kachieva's love for Naseth banished. Hatred filled Naseth's heart. If harm should come to Kachieva, harm would surely come to the perpetrator.

The travelers had talked of journeying northward

"You're right, Harry, I hadn't thought of that. But it doesn't matter anyway because I have planned to go back to the city to work."

"I have a better plan than that, Ruth."

"What is it? a job in the drugstore?" asked Ruth laughing.

"No, while we're here, and the preacher's here, let's be married too."

And as Ruth could not find words with which to object the two couples were united, one in the autumn of life and the other in the sweet, blooming spring time of youth, but the love that filled the hearts of the old was as fresh and as young as that that crowned the happy hearts of the young.

into Egypt and long after Dunnellon had gone to his tent that particular night, Dillingham sat thinking and wondering just what plans to pursue. Was he dreaming or awake? There stood Kachieva—he could see her in the faint moonlight. Her presence there meant impending danger, but the allurements was too great. Love and passion had taken possession of him and he folded Kachieva into his arms and rained kisses on her comely face and smothered her coarse black hair. Yes, he decided that he would take her with him, at least part of the journey. He would add just another one of those clandestine love affairs, which would last probably a few moons.

Then suddenly the thick underbrush snapped and parted and Naseth Omar, the massive, shaggy Naseth, stood in the near distance and viewed the situation, and almost instantly threw his javelin at Dillingham. The same pierced his heart and he fell as if lightning had struck him. Overcome with horror, Kachieva crouched down among the high tropical grass. Naseth reached down and tore the glittering beads from her neck and placed them on the body of his victim and covered it with the skin of a black panther. With strong, sinewy arms he picked up Kachieva and bore her back to the village.

Thus Dunnellon found his friend on the morrow and knew that the spirit of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" had been avenged on his friend.

THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY

From out of the Ashes of a Debauched Human Conscience, the Negro Arises with a Vindication.

By Dr. M. A. Majors.



NOW that the great war is over, the spirit of Democracy might be regarded by the Colored American as a great sun shedding light in all the dark and chaotic places on earth. The new day will bring a new order. Opportunity should lead us out of the slough of despondency. The spirit of thrift should awaken us and quicken our hearts to go forth resolute and determined. New and untried fields of earnest endeavor in every avenue of life should find us with ready and willing hands to lay hold and win rich rewards hitherto overlooked, and ill considered.

The world does not wait for the slow and irresolute, The world is exacting and demands to the last bit, the full value in every conceivable form and shape. The individual will be given what he has long sought. Excuses will not obtain anything. The color of the man, nor the race to which he belongs will no more be discredited provided he approaches the new order with a fixed and determined purpose to give the world what the world needs.

THE hour is ripe for the Colored man and woman of affairs. No other time in history offered so much for what one can contribute to its forward movement to help establish the social and moral order of a nobler mankind. The slipshod half hearted, primitive forms must go. The old order is dying its needful death. The entire world is beginning a rehabilitation. The greatest day the world has ever known is just in the dawning. The triumphant note of jubilee is being sounded. The bugle call is rich music to the happy ears of the sturdy sons and daughters of the Negro race.

Positions are opening as by magic to hundreds of trades and professions. Our people are showing themselves worthy and fitted to do whatever is assigned to them. The effulgent rays of a glorious sun are setting in meteoric splendor where privilege was once denied, and peace disputed.

Millions of hearts will be lighter, millions of homes happier. Incentive and aspiration have quickened the step of our myriads of educated people, and a holier brother spirit adds comfort to burdened hearts. We are to approach these new orders and forms as they become set up, and as we ourselves help to contribute to them with the best and most sincere race ingenuity, and keep upper most and alive the race spirit, fully charged with the most admirable zeal for all that is best and noblest in us.

The dominant forces shall be the Christian virtues and social morality lighted to brilliant day where intellectual culture and the refining influences reflect the sober, nobler conscience. These shall rule. Coupled with that indefatigable race spirit industry, thrift shall pave the once rugged road with pearls to wealth.

WE are weighted down with the vices, and with ugly self-inflicted ignorance and superstition as all other races are. These condemning and damning forces must be put behind and cast off. The tolerant nature of our race being is to give cognizance to only what is insistent, aggressive and progressive. We are to go in quest of new principle vouchsafing the good in us. What has given impetus and security to the stability of all other peoples will light the way for our race toward the heights where power sits enthroned with all of the great human attributes of mankind. Nor does this mean that merit should not stand foremost and qualifications should not take the place of excuses. There are to be no excuses.

A race possessing all the ennobling qualities of wealth and education which merely are co-efficients might stand fortified against the harsh astigmatism of the world. A race cultivated and refined has erected its Gibraltar against which the huge assaults of prejudice will in time wear itself out.

The future years toward which we have looked are numbering our present days of opportunity, pregnant with healing to our anxious, but not altogether

fulfilled hopes. Most, if not all of our joyful expectancy will come from what we are to do ourselves for ourselves.

A chance to demonstrate the worth of ones own soul is quite sufficient. The door is swinging on its hinges, which was hitherto locked and barred. The premium must be wrung from the toil and struggle of the individual and where all things are regarded in the ratio of equality and judged by the scale of excellence, measured by the rule which Democracy presages, the Negro will tune his mind to the highest pitch of human idealities and his heart will sing.

ALL of the trouble heretofore manifest in the economic as well as moral life of our people cannot be charged against our assailants, and our enemies. Many of our troubles have arisen out of our own sins and omission as well as commission. Color and previous condition have acted upon us like a hideous nightmare. People with the proper kind of spirit revolt, rise up and overcome conditions in spite of color,—the Japanese and Hindoos for instance.

In contradiction to being the lambs we assume to be, we have played the part of the tame lion; having strength, we discredit it and allow ourselves to be led

around hypnotized by our own selfish greed, sacrificing the interest of our race for what proves to be a promise. Ere long this lion's strength locked in the muscles of the black Sampson will be given exercise and he will burst as under the fetters that have for centuries held him to harmless purposes against his security, his happiness and his hopes.

THE Western War front in the trenches of bleed-France where the gold of human hearts have been melted in the crucibles of fearful war, and carnage, eloquence of his deeds find valiant purchase upon the lips of kings and generals and statesmen. Their joy overlaps the ugly bounds of prejudice in extolling the bravery and gallantry of the Negro soldier, fearless of death and heedless of danger. Terrors and the horror of the bursting shells and shrapnel, explosion of bombs and ghastly bleeding wounds, cannot stop the Negro soldier whose race for centuries has been suffering all the unholy castigations of an ugly sentiment. The lie to every unrighteous thought which has marred our history for ages is being shot to death on the battle fields of France. The poet and historian will write of them, "with silken sober truth. Justice will get a hearing and men, proud men of a noble humanity will speak immune as weirdly in eloquent verbiage of their prowess and of their valor unstintingly. The new day is dawning and hence a great peace has come."

THE NEGRO NEEDS TO CLEAN HOUSE

(Continued from page 3)

The black can be made white as if by magic! Such gross impositions upon the race have been tolerated too long. If editors have not the interest of the race at heart sufficiently to stop such practices, probably Uncle Sam will refuse his mail to such concerns and to such newspapers that are co-partners with them. Our ignorance may be gross, but not so gross that we have lost all self-respect and all our horse sense.

ALONG with this low grade of advertising we class the fakir, the clairvoyant, and the oil well schemer. The latter unloads his stock on a poor, unsuspecting people. There is nothing in ninety-nine per cent of these claims. And the disgraceful part of it all is that the newspaper editor is fully aware of the fact. Our only wonder consists in the fact that the two have slipped by the government so long. Their life depends upon the

length of time the government takes to start proceedings.

THERE exists no excuse for our press stooping so low. They cannot plead ignorance. Ignorance is no excuse for not making an investigation. We believe in our press; its influence for good reaches far. We believe it is whipping into line white firms that thrive off of our people and yet refuse our boys and girls employment. It has righted many a wrong visited upon our people; it has jarred many of the opposite race into looking more closely into the vicious practices of lynching. We repeat that they are doing a great work, but we will no longer sit by and see the future of the race sold for a piece of silver.

In our next article we will discuss:

"The Interests of the Race Being Sold by Men in High Positions."

COMFORTS FOR A MERE MAN

MOST of us can remember the time when we had a set of clothes for every season of the year,—very thick, woolen or "fleece lined" underwear in the winter—a red flannel chest protector and all the rest of it. On a certain day in the month of April, and not a minute before, we changed and put on our "Spring weight" underwear which wasn't a bit lighter than those we wear nowadays in Winter. And so it was with every season. We wore certain clothes regardless of the temperature of the house and regardless of the weather and as a consequence we were often quite uncomfortable and burdened with a cold all Winter.

We are coming more and more into the idea of maintaining a year round standard of weight for clothing. Instead of extremely heavy suits and underwear in winter, and extremely light ones in summer, we compromise and wear a medium weight nearly all year. This is altogether a sensible plan for the temperature of our homes and offices does not vary greatly throughout the year.

If one is to adopt this plan of wearing medium weight clothing all the year, one must be prepared

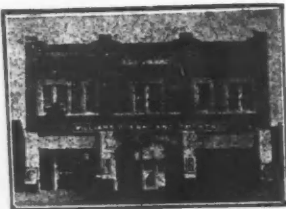
for the extreme cold of winter. If one prefers ox-fords to high shoes, for street wear there are splendid warm and fashionable gaiters to keep the ankles warm. There are also very light weight woolen socks which are not only warm but good looking. A soft, closely-knit, wool sweater is a welcome addition to every man's wardrobe. These may be obtained in both the slip over and coat styles and with either high collar or a V neck. They serve not only to keep the body warm in zero weather, but the close-fitting cuffs serve as wristlets. These garments are almost indispensable to the man who cannot afford the luxury of a fur lined coat.

For those who can afford them, there are a number of splendid styles in fur lined overcoats shown. Some of these have the broad fur collar, and still others are shown with merely the cloth collar, so that when the coat is buttoned up, there is not a vestige of the fur to be seen.

For winter sports, golfing, skating, motoring, etc., there is a cloth and leather reversible coat, double breasted, and belted which is without peer. These are a bit high, but there is an unfinished kid jacket with a heavy quilted lining which may be purchased at rather a low price.



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THE DAUGHTER OF THE SUN AND MOON
AN AFRICAN BEDTIME STORY

By Nzua W. Perriera Vitulu.
 (Concluded)

THE Frog came out from the jar, spit out the letter and money, placed them upon the table then hid himself in one of the corners of the room.

Shortly Lord Sun came into the water room and found the letter and money upon the table. He took them and read the letter. He told his wife the message that came from their son-in-law-elect. She consented but, said: "I do not know the person who is bringing these letters here; how can I have some food cooked for him?" His wife answered: "We will cook the food and place it upon the table where you always find the letters." Lord Sun said: "Very well."

They killed a hen and cooked it. In the evening they cooked the funji (mush.) They placed the food upon the table in the water room, closed the doors after them the Frog came to the table and ate the food. As soon as he had finished dining he returned to his hiding corner and kept quiet.

Lord Sun wrote a letter to the son of Lord Kimanueze saying: "You, my son-in-law-elect, I received the consent present which you had sent me. For the wedding gift, you shall send me a bag of macutas (\$35). He finished writing, placed the letter upon the table in the water room and went out.

The Frog came out from his hiding corner seized the letter, entered into one of the water pars and went to sleep.

In the morning the water girls picked up the jars and descended to the earth. They arrived at the well, placed the jars into the water, and the Frog again went to the bottom of the well. When the sun had set he went to deliver the letter to the son of Lord Kimanueze. Arriving at his house he knocked at the door. "I am Maniu, the Frog." The son of Lord Kimanueze bade him enter. The little Frog gave him the letter and left the house.

After six days when he had completed the collection of the sack of macutas for his wedding present, the son of Lord Kimanueze called the Frog, and gave him a letter to the Lord Sun and Lady Moon, in which he says: "You there, my parents-in-law, I am now sending you the wedding present. I shall now await a certain day in which I shall come after my wife."

As usual the Frog entered the jar when the water girls were getting their daily water supply. When they had finished their task, and ascended into heaven on the spiders web, and placed the jars in the water room as usual. The Frog jumped out, placed the letter and money on the table and hid.

Lord Sun passed through the water room and found the letter and money

upon the table, he took them and showed the money to his wife. Lady Moon seemed pleased and said: "Very well." They killed a young pig, cooled the food and placed it upon the table in the water room, closed the door and went out. The Frog came out, ate his dinner and went back to the jar to sleep.

In the morning the water girls lifted up the jars, descended upon the earth, arrived at the well, placed the jars into the water and the Frog again descended to the bottom of the well.

In the morning the Frog went to see the son of Lord Kimanueze. "Young master, where I went, I delivered the wedding present and they received it. They killed me a young pig and I ate it. Now it is up to you to set a day in which to go to heaven and fetch down your bride."

At the end of twelve days the son of Lord Kimanueze called the Frog.

"I need men to go to fetch down my bride from heaven, but I have not as yet found them. All of them say: 'We cannot go to heaven.' You Frog, what must I do?" Frog says: "My young master, just keep quiet and be of good cheer; I, myself am able to fetch down your bride from heaven."

"Frog, you cannot; indeed you were able to take the letters and money to heaven but to bring my bride down from heaven that is another thing, and you cannot do it," said the son of the Lord.

"Young master, keep quiet; don't worry over nothing; leave it to me; I, myself am able to go to fetch her down. Don't belittle me," said the Frog.

The son of the Lord said: "Very well, I'll give you a trial." Then he took some food and gave it to Mainu, the Frog.

The next day the Frog entered one of the water jars as usual, and when the girls had ascended into heaven and left the jar in the water room, the Frog came out and hid in the corner of the room until night. As soon as every one was asleep he entered the room where the daughter of the Lord Sun and Lady Moon slept and finding her asleep took out both of her eyes; he ties them into a handkerchief, returns to his corner in the water room and goes to sleep.

In the morning all the people of Lord Sun and Lady Moon got up but the daughter did not arise. They asked her why she did not get up and she replied that her eyes were closed and she could not see.

"What is the cause of this?" demanded Lord Sun of the people, "yesterday she did not complain?"

Lord Sun sent a messenger to the witch doctor to see what caused the

trouble with his daughter's eyes. The witch doctor said:

"Sickness is what brought you here, and the person who is sick is a woman, and the nature of her illness is in her eyes."

"What you say is true," said the messenger, "but tell me what caused this sickness."

The witch doctor again looks at his divining outfit and says: "The young lady that is ill is not yet married, but she is engaged. The one who is betrothed to her is the one who has sent this enchantment upon her and unless she goes to him, she shall surely die. You therefore who came to divine, go and take her immediately to her husband that she may be saved, I have spoken and this is the end."

When the Lord Sun heard the witch doctor's message he said: "Very well, indeed; let us sleep and tomorrow they shall take her down to earth." The Frog who was still hiding in the corner heard everything that had transpired.

In the morning the Frog entered the water jar and was carried to earth by the water girls.

Lord Sun in heaven, tells spider to make haste and weave a web, even unto earth for his daughter was to be taken to earth.

The little Frog tells his master, the son of Lord Kimanueze, to rejoice that his bride is coming.

The son of Lord Kimanueze said: "Get out devil! Young fellow you are a liar!" But the little Frog answered: "It is the truth; I am going to bring her to you in the very same evening of this night."

The Frog returned to the well, entered into the water and kept quiet. At sun down the daughter of Lord Sun and Lady Moon is brought to the earth and placed at the well. The folks of Lord Sun and Lady Moon return to heaven. The Frog comes out of the well, tells the young lady that he is her husband's messenger and that he will take her to him. Then the Frog returned her eyes. They started for the village and when they entered the house of the son of Lord Kimanueze the Frog says: "Young master, here is your bride!" The son of the Lord replies, "Welcome, Mainu, the Frog."

The son of Lord Kimanueze married the daughter of Lord Sun and Lady Moon. They lived happily ever after.

Moral: All the great and able bodied people of the earth were unable to go to heaven. The only one who could go there was poor, despised, little Frog.

Therefore never under rate and under estimate a person on account of his being little and of what is termed a lower caste.

My lords, I have told my little tale; whether it is good or bad, I have finished.

THE WISDOM OF KID SOLOMON

By Brad Watson.

BROTHER, verily, verily, I say unto thee, a woman will forgive any crime on the calendar but neglect. Yes, if thou wouldst be among the fair sex, even as a glad dog in the meat house, love them on the last day even as thou did on the first.

If thou but cultivatest the following virtues, the castle walk, bridge whist, and art as an entertainer, even though thy face will stop an eight day Ingersoll and thy pockets are as devoid of dough as a billiard ball is of hair, even

so, will the fair sex cater unto thee and make a beaten path unto thy dance program.

Waste not thy talent and energy on the buds and debutantes of the season, for they are as little children and lack wisdom, and fall only for the matinee idol and the Apollo Belvidere type, but after they have been on the carpet a year or two, yea, they may be made to perform many clever tricks and even feed from thy hand.

Verily I say unto thee, neglect not

the ugly ducklings and wall flowers, but cultivate them as diligently as a suburbanite cultivates his onion bed, for full many a rose that blooms serene once blushed a shy wall flower unseen.

Yes, must thou study frail woman in all her moods and be able to read her even as thou would an open book for woe be unto thee if thou fallest a victim to her wiles and let her know it for verily thou art lost. Nurse the

(Continued on page 16)

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

The Half-Century Magazine will be pleased to publish the expressions of the readers on current topics that are of interest to the race. As but limited space can be given, writers are requested to confine their articles to 200 or 300 words. Letters for this column must be signed with the name and address of the writer, as an evidence of good faith. However, publication of name will be omitted if requested.

As this is an expression of our readers promiscuously, the Half-Century does not assume any of the responsibility for the ideas set forth.

SELF-DISFRANCHISEMENT

Americus, Ga., Dec. 28th, 1918.

Dear Editor:

I have just laid aside an article that touched me deeply. I am, as it were, on the brink of life's journey. I carry many ugly scars from the War of the Rebellion. They are an eternal reminder to me of those stirring days and the hardships that my people underwent to gain the freedom of today.

I am mailing you a clipping to clear the ground before I make my comments. "In Atlanta we should register 5,000 votes—whereas, we have only 800. Out of fifty educated doctors, only four registered; out of one hundred Negro preachers, only six are voters; out of eight newspaper men, three are voters; out of three lawyers—no voters. Out of a dozen school teachers, not one could vote; of the college presidents and professors, only six are qualified to participate in the 'forlorn democracy' they talk about every day."

I wonder if our educated young men and women of Atlanta consider that a record of which to be proud? Our race will be wallowing in the mire for generations to come unless those of the race who have received the benefits of education awake to the golden opportunities they are missing to bring the Southern Negro into his own.

Down South here, is our home,—the place where we are as much a part of the section as the soil we tread and it is down here that the upheaval must come. We ask for greater interest in our race by the educated. Just as Atlanta ought to be ashamed of this record, so too, many other larger citizens down South are equally negligent. If you care for me to air my thoughts a little more on this question of the Negro not creating his own haven. Mr. Editor, I can send you some more of this next month. I'm getting old and lest the current of Time sweep me into the Bright Beyond before I say the things

WOMEN'S CLUB NOTES

THE Charles Young Auxiliary of the Red Cross in Des Moines, Ia., sold hand made sheets, pillow cases, towels and many other household articles as well as food stuffs for the benefit of the men at the base hospital at Camp Dodge and Fort Des Moines. A good deal of Christmas cheer was brought to the men from the proceeds of this sale.

Through the efforts of the women in Philadelphia, a Y. W. C. A. for Colored Women has been opened there recently. There are more than 800 members at present. Mrs. Mamie D. Turner is general secretary of the organization.

The Executive and Advisory Committees of the New Jersey Federation of Colored Women's Clubs met in Newark in December to start what promises to be a national organization devoted to the principals for which the Federation was organized.

The Army Club Auxiliary No. 2 of the Red Cross, organized in Des Moines four months ago has made 142 garments for the European sufferers since its organization.

concerning my people that no one else down here seems to have the backbone to say, I plead with you to let me get in a few more licks.

I trust you will see fit to publish this.

Yours truly,

EUSTACE JONES.

THAT DIXIE MONSTER

Jackson, Miss., Dec. 30th, 1918.

Half-Century Magazine.

My Dear Editor:

I am seeking an outlet for my thoughts. I am burning within to let the world know that the sacrifice our Colored soldiers made overseas has not been made in vain.

I was standing on Cohea Street in Jackson, Miss., recently and overheard a conversation between two strapping young fellows who had been wounded while in the service of their country—one in France and the other on a ship carrying mules to England. Each agreed that the southland had lost its charm.

But for the easy life and bright sunshine, to these robust lads, the South is a hell on earth. I agree perfectly with them. Down here conditions grow more grewsome and fiendish with each succeeding day. Threats of every conceivable nature mark the attempt of the low bred white to stifle the new vision of the young Negro gleaned from the stay among the hospitable and broad-minded French.

Won't your magazine exert its influence to check the "Dixie Monster"—race hatred?

I already feel better in that "open confession" is good for the soul. I knew no better friend than your magazine to go to. It is my confessor.

Hoping for the continued growth of your publication.

I am,

Obligingly yours,

Davis Joseph.

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BEAUTY HINTS

YOUR GREATEST ASSET

By Evelyn Northington



old standby is rose water and glycerin and a little bit of lemon juice. Dust the hands with talcum to save the bed-clothes. A simple remedy for chapped hands is to wash them in warm water mixed with castile soap and corn meal. Dry them well and rub with the olive oil or cold cream.

One of the best looking pair of hands I ever saw were those of a woman who had a big apartment house and two children. She did all of the work herself, and she had no outside help. She scrubbed the floor and cleaned the stove, and you know how hard that is on the hands. But she consistently rubbed glycerin and camphor in equal parts into her hands every night. Her hands were shapely, and as she said they were her best assets, and she intended to keep them that way all her life. The glycerin softens the skin, the camphor bleaches it.

WHAT part of your body is the most useful to you? What member performs the most duties for you daily? Your hands of course! And yet most people treat their hands shamefully.

This is the time in the affairs of the beautiful woman or indeed, any woman when ugly hands are a menace to her happiness. Hands, unlike feet, cannot be hid from the view of all the time. And nothing gives such a lack of poise as ugly hands. Especially unsightly or red, rough, chapped or unmanicured hands.

There is, however, a remedy for all the hand ills. With a little patience, the use of a preventive or two and a few minutes daily care, you will be able to conquer all hand ills.

In the first place, during this cold weather the hands are likely to become very dark, or very red and chapped. If the hands are always discolored because of imperfect circulation, then the remedy lies in rebuilding the system with good outdoor air and plenty of it, good wholesome food, and a daily bath, followed by a cold plunge, or a shower to tone up.

There are also some local aids that should be adopted in the meantime. After washing the hands be sure that all of the soap is removed from them, and then dry them thoroughly. Rubbing them briskly after washing will also prevent some of the chapped hand troubles. This applies particularly to the woman whose work carries her out of doors a great deal before her hands are dry from dishwashing or cleaning.

Then the matter of wearing gloves always in winter time to protect the skin of the hands is most important. The muff is not sufficient because if the hands become overheated in the warm muff, they are apt to redden and chap when drawn out quickly.

The quality of soap has an influence for good or bad. Coarse, yellow, laundry soaps strong with alkali will injure the skin fabric in no time. So rubber gloves should be used when washing dishes unless one is willing to pay more for a good white soap for the work. The extreme temperature of water used, too, should be avoided as hot and cold water will make hands less beautiful.

A preventative of chapped and red hands which serves as a remedy also is to rub them at night with cold cream or olive oil. The latter will be found to be more efficacious if heated a little before using. Another good

The nightly application of cold cream or olive oil will remedy the nails too. Also it will render the hands less susceptible to imbedded grime so often complained of. A pumice stone rubbed briskly over grimy spots will make a great improvement.

A solution of acetic acid and rose water; one part of the former to sixteen parts of the latter will remove stains from the nails. And then there is the simple remedy, lemon juice, without which no self respecting wash bowl should be seen. It is valuable in the care of the hands and nails and certainly inexpensive enough for every household.

For callouses on the hands and roughened skin around the sides of the nails use pumice stone. It is a matter of personal choice whether you use the ground pumice or one of the little pumice stones with a handle. The latter is better for the callouses.

Raw tomato juice is splendid for removing any kind of a fruit stain. Dry mustard or mustard water will remove the smell of fish and so on. If you use the dry mustard you must wet the hands before applying it.

Cold cream or even lard rubbed around the nails before attacking the grimier features of housework will save the nails. Perspiring hands may be treated with a 25 per cent solution of aluminum or chlorine in distilled water. Dab gently on the hands at night just before retiring allowing it to dry on. Apply once in three days and it will not be long before you realize some good results. A sulphur match dipped in water and rubbed on the stain will remove ink stains from the hands.

Now having the information with which to make the hands clear and soft, there is the important business of the care of the nails without which no matter how artistically shapely, it will profit you nothing in the way of praise and a comfortable feeling for yourself.

If you give your nails five minutes care each day and a thorough manicuring once a week, your hands and nails will always be presentable. In a remarkably short time you can become expert at manicuring your own nails. After the nails have been filed and shaped becomingly, dip one hand in the bowl of water in which castile soap has been used to make a suds, let remain in the water for about five minutes and then remove and gently dry

(Continued on page 17)

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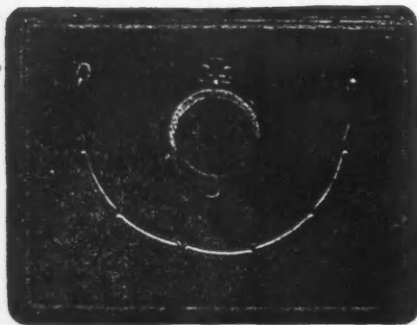
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DOMESTIC SCIENCE

SOME COLD WEATHER RECIPES

By Leona Eldridge Porter



Liberty Cutlets.

TAKE the pork and beans that were left over from dinner and mash them with a potato masher; then mix them in a bowl with a cupful of fresh bread crumbs, a finely minced onion, salt, pepper, and a whole raw egg; turn onto a floured board, cut out in cutlet shape, dip them in the beaten egg, roll lightly in bread crumbs and fry in hot fat for eight minutes. Serve on a hot dish garnished with lettuce leaves and beet quarters and a bit of horseradish.

Near Duck.

Cook two cupfuls of hominy grits in six cupfuls of salt water until tender. For stuffing, combine two cupfuls of stale bread crumbs, one cupful of milk, a quarter of a cupful of vegetable oil, two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, half a pound of sausage meat and one beaten egg. Season this mixture with salt and pepper and any herbs liked best. Mold the stuffing in the shape of a duck, then cover carefully with the hominy which should be at least half an inch thick over the stuffing. Mold drumsticks and wings of the hominy, making them flat rather than round. Glaze with the white of an egg. Bake in a hot oven for an hour, basting frequently with hot fat. Oysters or round steak chopped fine, may be used instead of the sausage.

Fish Pudding.

Shred up left overs of fish—almost any kind will do, and work into it a mashed potato. Add a piece of butter the size of a walnut and a half cupful of milk. Stir this mixture thoroughly. Place it in a pudding dish in a moderate oven and cook for an hour.

Snow Balls.

One and one-half cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, three-fourths of flour, three tablespoonfuls baking powder and the whites of five eggs,—beat this mixture together until light and make in deep square or round tins. When cool, trim off the edges so that they will be perfectly round. Dip in a soft boiled icing and roll in grated cocoanut. When cool pile up like snow balls or serve them with balls of ice cream.

Sticky Doughnuts.

Cream together two tablespoonfuls of shortening and three tablespoonfuls of sugar, add one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon. Sift three cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt together three times and add this mixture and one cupful of milk to the shortening and the sugar. Place a teaspoonful of jelly in the center of each doughnut; close over and fry in deep

hot fat. Roll in melted jelly and pulverized sugar.

Barley Broth.

Wash three pounds of mutton (a very cheap cut will do), remove the skin and fat, and cut the meat into small pieces. Add two quarts of cold water, one-half tablespoonful salt, one-fourth teaspoonful pepper, one-half cupful each of carrots and turnips, cut into small cubes, one small onion, two tablespoonfuls flour and three tablespoonfuls barley. Cook slowly for from six to eight hours. As the water evaporates add enough to make up for that lost in evaporation.

Belgian Sausage.

Skin a jack rabbit or Belgian hare and soak it over night in salt water. In the morning cut the meat from the bones and run it through the meat grinder. For every pound of meat add one quarter of a medium sized onion, cut fine, two-thirds of a tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, one sixteenth of a teaspoonful of cayenne, two tablespoonfuls of bread or cracker crumbs, one-eighth of a cupful of sweet cream. Make into pats after mixing well, and fry slowly in a covered pan until done. One ordinary rabbit will make a dozen pats.

Popcorn Custard.

Put two cupfuls of freshly popped corn through the food chopper, add two and one-half cupfuls of milk, three well beaten eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a cupful of sugar, one and one half teaspoonfuls fat. Mix well and pour into a well greased pudding-dish set in a pan of hot water, and bake until the custard is set. Remove from the oven, cover with a meringue, made from the white of one of the eggs, mixed with a little sugar, and cover with well popped corn.

Tomato Cream Soup.

Place in a saucepan one quart of tomatoes, canned or fresh, with one bunch of celery that has been cut up into bits, three cloves and a bay leaf, and simmer for twenty minutes; add a cupful of water, if the tomato pulp is too thick. Remove from the fire, season with salt and pepper and sweeten with two teaspoonfuls of corn syrup. Heat one quart of milk to the boiling point and thicken with a tablespoonful of cornstarch blended with a little of the milk. Bring the tomatoes to a boil; add half a teaspoonful of soda; then stir the milk quickly into the tomatoes. Serve in bouillon cups with salted wafers.

Stuffed Rabbit.

Dress and clean a rabbit, removing the head and feet. Let it stand in salt and water for an hour, then rinse in cold water. Make a dressing as you would for a turkey or chicken and stuff the rabbit with this mixture. Sew up and place in a roasting pan with a little meat stock in the bottom to prevent it from becoming too dry. Lay thin slices of salt pork or bacon over the top and bast frequently. Cook until tender and serve on a hot platter garnished with parsley and little balls of fried dressing.

Creamed Sardines.

Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter, add one-fourth of a cupful of soft bread crumbs, add one cupful of cream and bring to the boiling point; add one box of sardines, two cooked eggs finely chopped, one-half a teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of paprika. Reheat and serve on narrow strips of buttered toast.

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ETIQUETTE OF TRAVEL

By Margaret Lyndon

THIS is a restless age, and most of us travel so much that it is necessary to adopt some rules of behavior to guide us on every step of the journey, whether we are on business or pleasure bent. At no time is it more important to observe these regulations in the very spirit as well as the letter, than when sharing with others the accommodations.

When a man enters a train escorting a woman, or when he attempts to enter a railway coach, at the same moment that a woman and a stranger makes a similar move, he must draw back politely to give even the greatest or the humblest of her sex the right of way.

A well bred and a well trained traveller is never guilty of pushing or showing a way into a coach regardless of the precedence which prompter and lighter footed passengers have a right to claim.

The passenger who is behind and a bit is still considerate. He accepts the last and maybe least eligible seat with good grace and without complaint or rough struggling for a better one, and once settled takes every precaution to stow his belongings in such a manner that they will occupy the least space. Bags, boxes and baskets he does not permit to obtrude on the narrow aisle, coats and rugs are not so thrown over the backs of the chairs that they will hang down almost into the laps of persons sitting in the rear, and possessions of all sorts are not distributed over the seats that other passengers are in need of.

In a coach that is only partially filled, it is permissible to deposit belongings in the empty seats, but as the train fills up and travellers climb aboard looking for accommodations, it is necessary to disencumber promptly the luggage piled chairs before some timid woman or apologetic man is forced, by lack of better accommodations, to ask if the place is reserved and if it cannot be emptied to make room for a human occupant.

It is decidedly discourteous to raise a window on that side of a car from which the smoke and cinders flying from the engine cannot fail to pour in upon the other occupants of the car. Often this heedless raising of a window will cause the inrush of coal smoke to ruin a pretty gown, or cause much annoyance to an elderly or delicate person.

It is therefore only common courtesy

to ask the strangers in close proximity if the opening of the window is likely to cause them discomfort. When a window is raised without deference to any one's wishes and some nearby traveller politely objects, the sash should be lowered immediately and without impatience.

Composure is one of the outward and visible signs of a good traveller; a heedful and experienced one will not discuss his private affairs in a loud voice, laugh uproariously or presume to take an undue interest in the affairs of other passengers.

If the train halts at a station for luncheon, and a lone woman seems a trifle uncertain as to how she may best secure her lunch, a masculine traveller is privileged to lend her advice or assistance. He should lift his hat in passing her and say, "I am going out to secure my luncheon, and if you wish, I will send a porter to get your orders,"—this is sufficient indication of his good will. If the porter cannot be found and the gentleman in the case volunteers to purchase for her whatever she may need, he accepts her money in return for his outlay and assures her of his willingness to serve her in any other way and then returns to his seat and presumes no further.

When a long journey of some days is undertaken and a masculine passenger finds it in his way to frequently serve a woman or women who are travelling alone, he may expect that they will treat him with a pleasant friendliness, eventually tell him their names, and ask to know his in return. But a man must never attempt to "scrape up an acquaintance" with a woman no matter how often he may serve her.

Children when they travel by train must be kept in their seats and as quiet as possible. Their voices must be modulated, their appetites restrained, and their energies curtailed, and their small tempers held in check. If a nice child is spoken to by a stranger in a neighboring seat, he or she must be made to answer politely and promptly. It is a mistake however, to let a child, even on invitation, to go wandering about the car to be flattered, or questioned, or plied with sweets by too indulgent grown ups. When a stranger has been exceedingly amiable and spontaneously helpful with the children, it is the parent's duty to return thanks for the kindly attentions to their little folk and instruct the small boys or girls to do the same.

THE WISDOM OF KID SOLOMON

(Continued on page 12)

ugly ducklings and the corpulent widows, even as a sick kitten nurseth a hot brick and lo, thy fame will spread to the four corners of the earth, and thy name will be shouted even from the housetops.

Study the mannerisms and ways of the matinee idols and Apollo Belvideres, so thou mayst avoid them, for the modern damsel falls not for the Greek profile and billiken hair, verily if thou seest a beautiful woman that thou covetest, treat her with respectful indifference, for the indifference she understandeth not and will follow thee around even as a pet lamb, but once show thy hand and she will flee far off and from the depths of the tall uncut you will hear her giving thee the ha! ha!

In fencing with a woman, scorn to

use flattery for flattery is the weapon of the fool, which the most dull woman can detect. In public if thou hast her at a disadvantage be gallant enough to hold thy foil, and she will reward thee with love and kisses, also in a clash of wits always simulate defeat, for woman always knows when she has lost, and she knows that you know, when she has lost. For the world has to produce a man who can win in an argument with a woman.

Verily I say unto thee if thou ventrest forth to make a conquest of the hearts of the fair sex, thou must be as cunning and crafty as the fox, with the wisdom of Solomon, for verily if thy foot slip, thy soul is lost, thy hide will be nailed even unto the cabin door, and the buzzards will make a feast of thy carcass.

PIN MONEY HINTS

AN EXCHANGE OF IDEAS
Conducted by HELEN MARTIN

When Polishing a Stove.

If you want an unusually bright polish on your kitchen stove, and that without any extra expense, try mixing a little paraffin with the blacking. The paraffin that comes on the tops of the jelly glasses will do admirably for this purpose.—V. B. Y., *Apalachicola, Fla.*

Patent Leather Shoes.

Many people refuse to purchase patent leather shoes because no one will guarantee their wearing qualities. New patent leather shoes, rubbed all over with a little vaseline or lard, put on with a soft piece of flannel, and then polished carefully, will never crack. Patent leather should be kept in a warm, dry place, and should not be worn on wet days.—G. M. T., *Roslyn, Wash.*

When Boiling Eggs.

Very often eggs crack when boiled. This is especially true of cold storage eggs. To prevent them from bursting, try picking one end with a needle before placing them in the water. This makes an outlet for the air and keeps the shell from cracking.—L. D. P., *Boston, Miss.*

Substitute for Celery.

Now that celery is being sold by the pound, most of us can't afford as much as we used to. A splendid substitute for this vegetable is white cabbage cut fine, with plenty of celery seed sprinkled over it. This makes an especially palatable salad.—Mrs. L. M. C., *Greenville, Miss.*

YOUR BEST ASSET

(Continued from page 14)

them. With a small amount of absorbent cotton wrapped around the sharp end of the orange wood stick, dip into the peroxide bleach, then gently rub this swab under the edge of the nails to remove the dirt and stain. Be careful in doing this not to injure them in any way, for there is a very delicate cuticle below the nail. Wipe the finger tips dry and proceed to smooth the edges of the nail with the emery board. The emery board is really a file only it is finer and more delicate than a metal instrument. Proceed to remove any roughness with the emery board, looking carefully to the removal of hang nails. If the hang nails are stubborn, resort to the use of the cuticle scissors, and remove all the ragged edges.

Go after the cuticle at the base of the nail bearing in mind that the desirable shape there is a half moon. With the flat end of the orange stick, gently crowd back the cuticle that has grown upward on the lower section of the nail then take the cuticle knife and scrape away the loosened skin. If you find that the skin does not come away, use the cuticle scissors and cut it carefully.

Then rub a little cold cream upon the nail and the upper surface of the finger end. Then go over all the fingers with the cuticle scissors and remove all the ragged edges of the skin. Next remove the cold cream from the nails. Now dip the small buffer into the nail powder. Next touch the surface of each nail with nail rouge, follow this by applying a touch of polishing powder to each nail, also use a liberal supply of powder on the chamois buffer. Rub the buffer briskly on the body of the nail from side to side. Again place the hands in the bowl of water and with

To Whiten Potatoes.

Sometimes white potatoes are inclined to turn black when being boiled. In this case just add a few drops of vinegar to the water in which they are boiled and they will retain their original whiteness.—F. V. G., *Oklahoma, Okla.*

Removing Stains.

Blood stains can be removed by soaking the article in cold salt water for a little while, then washing in warm water and plenty of soap. If there is still a trace of the stain, boil them in water to which a bit of kerosine has been added. Grass stains, also can be removed with kerosine. Mildew usually yields to a solution of chloride of lime. To remove rust cover the spot with lemon juice and salt, and lay in the sun until it bleaches.—O. L. H., *Chicago, Ill.*

To Prevent Thumbsucking.

If your children suck their thumbs and you have difficulty in stopping them, try this. Take a good, stout cot, sew three buttons in a circle around the stall with the edges about even with the end of the thumb. Use rather large buttons for the best results. Fasten firmly around the wrist. When the baby tries to suck his thumb, the air coming in under the buttons prevents his getting any hold and the habit is soon broken.—J. C. K., *Schenectady, N. Y.*

a nail brush and a little soap scrub the finger tips well to remove the powder from the nail crevices. Then give the nails a final polishing with a small quantity of the polishing powder in the palm of your hands and rub until the desired gloss has been acquired.

For the daily care of your hands keep the orange wood stick on hand wrapped with a piece of absorbent cotton. Dip into a glass of soapy water in which a few drops of peroxide have been added and go under the nails. Also gently push back the skin from the nails, then apply a little polish either with a buffer or the palm of the hand.

JEWELS OF THOUGHT.

PERFECT your home, parents, it is your Heaven or Hell on earth. You sow seeds of wildness in the home and reap them in the lives of your children.

Lend an ear to that little boy that brings home a new thought from Sunday School. He may be the instrument in creating a family altar in your home. Its influence will mold Christian character that will make itself felt after you are listening to the golden harps.

The home marks the rise and fall of races. It may be grand as a house and yet lack the first principles of a home. Of it may be but a hut and measure up to Heaven's ideals.

Limit not the education of your son or daughter. Saturate the mind with education and all the material things of this world may be destroyed, yet they can be reconstructed again out of a trained mind.

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If It's Funny—Laugh

WIFELY ARTS

Harold the only son of a wealthy widowed mother, was drafted, and duly arrived at the camp where he was to receive instruction in the manly art of warfare. Imagine his surprise and chagrin when he was detailed to what is known as K. P. duty ("kitchen police" duty). In this he became quite proficient, however as one of his letters shows:

..Dear Mother—I put in this entire New Year's Day in washing dishes, sweeping floors, making beds and peeling potatoes. When I get home from this camp I'll make some girl a mighty fine wife.

PRODIGY

A gentleman living just outside of Chicago went into the city to his office each day. When he was leaving home on the morning before Christmas, his wife said she would like him to bring a banner for her Sunday School class to use at an entertainment that evening, but that she did not know the wording and size needed. They agreed that she should send him a telegram during the day, giving him these two items. Consequently before starting for home in the afternoon, he went to the near-by telegraph office and found quite an excitement over the message which had just been received and which read: "Unto us a child is born. Three feet wide and six feet long."

COULDN'T USE THAT KIND

A tramp was walking along one of the London streets and was met by a brother hobo, who reproached him for his ragged trousers.

"Why you ought to be ashamed of yourself," he said.

"But how am I to get a pair of trousers? They don't grow on trees."

"Why go to the first house that looks like one that might have an extra pair of trousers in it and ask for an old pair?"

The ragged tramp took his friend's advice and seeing a doctor's sign across the street, he went up the stoop and lifted the knocker. A lady answered the summons, and he asked her if the doctor whose name appeared on the door was in. She answered in the affirmative.

"Then," said he, "will you be kind enough to ask the doctor if he has an old pair of pants he would let me have?"

She replied that she was afraid that the doctor's pants would not do.

"Oh, I don't mind if they are very old," said the tramp.

But the lady answered: "That isn't it, my man. I am the doctor."

ADVICE TO THE STRONG SEX

So live
That when you bring
A little birthday present
Home to the missus
She will not think
That you are trying
To cover up a crime
With it.

THEY ATE EVERYONE OF THEM

The young bride came over with her usual Sunday and holiday order: "I came to buy some more of your nice young chickens. Aunt Cleo."

"Ise owfully sorry, Mis' Rosie, but dere's been a preacher's conference down here lately an' all ob my chickens has done entered de ministry."

BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE

Colored man was ushered into the employment department of the Explodeasy Powder works and plied with the usual questions put to all new hands at the works.

The old man stood the examination well enough for a while, then he began to feel a bit uneasy. Suddenly one of the men asked:

"And who shall you like to have us notify in case of accident?"

The Colored man paused and scratched his head at this unexpected query, but after a while he thought of two persons who might like to know of his misfortune and the man wrote their names down.

"And now," continued the examiner, "where would you like your remains shipped?"

"Where would I like my remains shipped? Why boss I'se gwine ter take my remains from here right now."

WASN'T ASHAMED OF HIS

"Your Honor," said the policeman to the judge as he preferred a complaint against a Colored man, "this man was running up and down the main road waving his arms and yelling at the top of his voice, and otherwise raising the mischief at half-past two in the morning. The people of that district complained, and they had a perfect right to." The judge frowned at Mose, who didn't seem to be particularly worried.

"What do you mean by such unbecoming conduct?" his Honor demanded. "Religion, jedge, religion," was the response.

"Religion? Are you a Holy Roller, or something like that? I have religion, Rasmus, but I don't get up at midnight and tell everybody about it."

"Dat's de diffunce, jedge. I ain't ershamed ob mine."

EASILY RECOGNIZED

A young British private was on night guard at a lonely outpost in France, when suddenly he heard the tramp of an advancing regiment. "Halt!" he called, "who goes there?"

"Irish Fusiliers."

"Pass, Irish Fusiliers, all's well."

There was deep silence for some minutes then he heard another regiment advancing. "Halt! who goes there?"

"None of your dog gone business!" "Pass, Canadians, all's well."

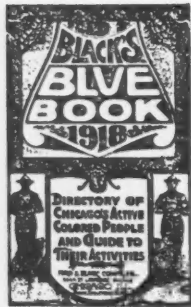
COULDN'T FOOL HER

The young bride went to the grocery store to do her marketing. She was determined that the grocer should not get the best of her, and that she would give him the impression that she was experienced in the art of buying groceries.

"These eggs are dreadfully small," she criticized.

"I know it," he answered. "But that's the kind that the farmer brings me. They are just fresh from the country this morning."

"Yes," said the bride. "And that's the trouble with farmers. They are always sending stuff to market before its ripe. They are so anxious to sell their eggs that they take them out of the nest too soon. They ought to let them grow until they are larger than this."



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